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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Nero fiddling while Rome was burning was a comparatively poor spectacle to that which is now presented on the European stage—Prince Gortschakoff and Lord Salisbury straining over the precise terms of a formula for the Congress, with men and nations standing still to see which will first give in. It is not often that two accomplished *littérateurs* get such an arena for the display of their talents. We shall be able to judge better whether the younger wrangler has shown himself to be a match for his veteran antagonist when their correspondence is presented in its entirety. Meantime they would seem to be facing each other with two rival formulas between which it is very difficult to decide. Prince Gortschakoff's formula is said to be that the Powers should meet to consider the changes to be introduced into the Treaties of 1856 and 1871 "in consequence of recent events." Lord Salisbury is said to prefer the formula that the Powers should meet to consider the Treaties of 1856 and 1871 "in relation to the Treaty of San Stefano." On the old-fashioned principle that the greater includes the less, Lord Salisbury's formula would seem to be included in that of the Russian Chancellor, the Treaty of San Stefano being undoubtedly a recent event; but this apparently our champion cannot be brought to admit; and, with Lord Beaconsfield behind him offering to back his logic with the whole armed force of the British Empire, with Captain Bedford Clapperton Trevelyan Pim organising "the Jingoes," and Lord John Manners regretting that he is too old to join them, it is no wonder that he should prove obstinate. Judging from the results of the elections in Tamworth and South Northumberland, the constituencies have not the same pride in our Foreign Secretary's skill, but that, no doubt, is because their education is not sufficiently advanced to make them enthusiastic about literary niceties. Prince Bismarck, too, who seems to be mediating between the disputants, is said to be "somewhat annoyed by the delays and objections, and to be more and more confining himself to the simple duty of transmitting without comment or advice the despatches sent him from London and St. Petersburg." It is like his brutal common sense to think that, since the results of the Congress must be substantially the same, under whatever formula it is convened, the formula itself is a matter of no consequence.

If Lord Beaconsfield has been really thinking of dissolving Parliament, and if he is not satisfied with the result of his policy in South Northumberland, surely the Tamworth election ought to teach him something. The Liberal candidate, Mr. Bass, has polled 1,186 votes, as against his opponent, Colonel Bridgman, who polled 607, giving the Liberal a majority of 579. Comparing these figures with the return in 1874, we find that the Liberal has polled 738 more votes, whereas the Tory has lost 738 since then. In fact, the Liberal majority is 100 more than the Tory majority four years ago. There can be no doubt that, had such a result as this been foreseen, the Tories would not have allowed Mr. Hanbury to retire from Tamworth. Only the borough was thought to be under the thumb of one of the High Priests of the Great God Jingo, namely Sir Robert Peel, and nobody supposed that in the height of the patriotic war-fever a Liberal had the ghost of a chance with the electors. Mr. Hanbury, too, was supposed to be a great favourite with the Tamworth people, and the other day he "shook the bloody shirt" in famous style before the eyes of the Staffordshire folk, declaring that if we went to war with Russia, we should be fighting in "a thoroughly righteous cause." Colonel Bridgman was a frank and simple-minded exponent of the views of Sir Robert Peel, whereas Mr. Bass advocated a peace policy, and bitterly complained that the tactics of the Ministry were apt to drag the country into what he called "a wicked and causeless war." No matter how the Liberal triumphs in South Northumberland or Tamworth be minimised, they clearly show that a reaction has set in against Jingoism.

Amongst other signs of an impending dissolution were noticeable of late certain mysterious coquettings between the Ministerialists and Rome. The Irish vote is worth something, and, besides, the bulk of the Catholic priests are fervid backers of the Turk. They hate the Russians as only one Christian sect can hate another, and would rather keep the infidel in St. Sophia than have a Greek mass said under its roof. Hence we find curious nibblings on the part of the Tories at certain familiar Papal baits which have been dangled before them. There is, for example, the old question of founding a Catholic University in Ireland. A strong "feeler" has been thrown out as to how the country and the Tory party would take a proposal to found such an institution if it came from the Tory Government. "Only let us have an Ultramontane University, and put the primary and secondary schools of Ireland in the hands of our priests," and, says Cardinal Cullen in effect, "we will break up the Home Rule party and carry Ireland for Lord Beaconsfield." Then, again, another "feeler" has been put forth with reference to the re-establishment of direct diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Some time ago the authorities at Rome boasted that they had so far advanced in their conquest of England

that they had induced Her Majesty to receive a Papal Nuncio, but at the time this audacious report was indignantly denied by the Government organs. Now, however, we have in these papers tentative articles, the pith of which seems to be an argument in favour of handing over Irish Education to the priests and of conciliating the English Catholics by sending an Ambassador to the Pope. This latter project looks like a grim political joke. The Pope has practically ceased to be a sovereign, and we might as well send an envoy to the High Priest of Mumbo Jumbo or to the Moderator of the Great Presbyterian Church of America. When the Pope had a temporal realm to reign over there was some show of reason in sending an ambassador to him. Now there is none. But, if a Papal Nuncio is received here, a difficult question of etiquette will be raised. Such a functionary claims always to be premier ambassador at every Court, and we suspect such a claim, if advanced at St. James's, would not be favourably received.

Any fear that the new Pope would show the wisdom of the serpent, and give the Roman Catholic Church a new lease of life by reversing the policy of his predecessor, frankly accepting the loss of the Temporal Power as irretrievable, and adopting a conciliatory attitude towards modern thought, is removed by his Encyclical Letter which was published on Thursday morning. Leo XIII.'s language is more temperate and dignified than that of Pius IX., and it is remarked as a sign of a pacific disposition that he makes no mention, direct or indirect, of the Italian Kingdom against which Pius was never tired of fulminating; but instead of withdrawing he repeats the pretensions of the Papacy to Temporal Power, and he deplores the prevailing indifference to the teaching of the Church as the cause of all the evils with which in these latter days mankind is afflicted. He confirms the condemnations and censures of the Syllabus, "calling upon his venerable brethren to be earnest in spreading the holy light of religion among the flocks confided to them, and in instructing them to reject all opinions which might be contrary to the teaching of the Church." Whether Leo is or is not personally "a lion without a tooth," as the Roman lampoon which we quoted the other week described him, it would seem that under him the Papacy will maintain its policy of resistance unchanged. The modern Loyola has yet to appear.

Quite a little excitement has been got up by the *Daily Telegraph* about the emigration of 250 negroes from South Carolina to Liberia. We are asked to look upon this movement as something exceptional; as a kind of Ethnical mystery. Ever since the days of Henry Clay negroes have been sent every now and then from the States to Liberia, and whenever a dull time comes, and capital can find no profitable employment in cotton-growing, something must be done with the negroes who are out of work. South Carolina, partly by bad government, partly by the failure of the demand in Europe for cotton goods, is in a state of industrial depression. No wonder, then, that the opportunity is seized to induce the negro to quit the country where he is held to be a nuisance. It is asked, what will Carolina do for labour when good times come again? Of course she will import Chinamen, who, be it noted, will not have votes. In this way the old planting interest will again grasp the reins of political power, and rule over a State where political rights are monopolised by the land-owning caste. All speculation as to the high moral influence likely to be exerted on the migrating negro in Africa is utterly baseless. The chances are that he will "revert to the original type" as soon as he gets amongst the savages once again.

When the rising orators are full fledged, eloquence will not be so scarce on the Conservative benches that the veterans will be under the necessity of delaying their ascent to the Upper House for fear of weakening their party. Mr. Hanbury's remarks on Thursday to his new constituents about the electors of the insignificant borough which he had for some years condescended to represent have a graceful elegance and force which Mr. Hardy himself could not surpass. He expressed, the reporters say, "his honest conviction that at the late election the borough had sold itself for beer, and that, had a donkey been run with the name of Bass or Allsopp on it, the electors would have voted for it." We should not think that the intelligent electors of North Staffordshire are likely soon to tire of so admirable a representative as Mr. Hanbury; but, if they do, there is no reason why he should not put his "honest convictions" to the test of experiment.

Considerable fun is being got out of the proceedings of the U.P. Presbytery of Glasgow. An erring brother, the Rev. Fergus Ferguson by name, is being prosecuted for heresy, and days seem to be spent by the reverend Court discussing "the relevancy" of the libel or indictment. We will not go so far as to say that some of the brawnier brethren punch each others' heads in the heat of debate, but occasionally they forget that they are Ministers of the Prince of Peace, and lapse into unbecoming violence. It would be wearisome to enter into the details of Mr. Ferguson's heterodoxy. Suffice it to say, his defection is one of many signs that the Scottish Churches are riddled with rationalism. The curious point, however, is that in Scotland it seems to be a most difficult task to convict a man of heresy. The forms of procedure appear to be ingeniously framed so as to protect to the utmost the interests of the accused. The Presbytery, in which the laity are fully represented, is at once prosecutor, jury, and judge. Everybody knows how hard it is to frame a "libel;" in fact, it is impossible to word it so as not to have weak points in it. Each count can be disputed by the accused on the issue of relevancy, and his speech and that of the prosecution do not end the matter. All his friends in the Presbytery can get up and make speeches on his side, and all his enemies of course reply to these. The court, in fact, not only decides but debates every little technical flaw in the case, just as though the accused were a Peer being tried by his Peers. Then, on each separate point decided, appeals lie to two other Courts of Revision, which in the case of the Free Kirk are the Synod, and General Assembly. Here the tedious process of debate may go on again. In fact, if a libel be only long enough, and the accused have a few resolute leather-lunged friends in the Church courts, he may stave off an attack for an almost indefinite period.

Keble College has been the scene of a great High Church field-day. "An anonymous benefactor," who is so far from being really anonymous that his personal representative returned thanks for him when his health was proposed, has made the college a present of a handsome library and a dining-hall or "refectory" with "appropriate offices." Keble now has everything that a college ought to have—a warden's lodge, described as "a magnificent pile," a chapel, a hall, a library, and a sufficient number of sets of chambers. It is, in short, as far as mere accommodation is concerned, as good and comfortable a college as any in Oxford, if not, indeed, better than most. The High Church party is wealthy and—in support of its own especial crotchets—liberal. Keble is and always has been a High Church crotchet. It was founded as a sort of standing protest against the Test Acts and against latitudinarianism in all shapes. It was to be a little abode of the faithful, open only to those who walked in the strictest paths of the High Church party, and were willing to pledge themselves wholesale against natural science, Darwinism, comparative philology, criticism, and all other dangerous forms of human knowledge. Its undergraduates were to live simply and frugally; and it was to revive the ancient ideal of a college as a place in which education and learning are dutifully subordinated to religion. It is not too much to say that the college has aptly fulfilled the design and intentions of its founders. Beyond some few honours in the school of sacred theology, no Keble man has, that we are aware, distinguished himself in any way, unless we may make honourable exception of a gentleman who this year rowed in the University Eight. Keble is, indeed, nothing more nor less than a sort of

Cuddesdon, whose members are undergraduates of the University, and as such entitled in due course to proceed to their degree.

This being so, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Gladstone, who were present on Thursday afternoon, had singularly little to say. Mr. Hardy, indeed, was more than usually vague and impotent. He reminded his audience that the college was built "mainly for the honour and glory of God," and, not knowing exactly what to say about Keble, contented himself with remarking that "although his name may not have been associated with any great deed he yet possessed great virtues to make an impression on the heart." Mr. Gladstone, who followed, delivered himself of a long address on the advantages of a University education combined with a frugal and simple mode of life. As far, however, as he touched on Keble itself, his speech was a sort of apology, intended to show that, although essentially a religious foundation, Keble need not be on that account narrow or even sectarian in its training. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Keble is governed by a council; the council appoint a warden; and the warden has the whole charge and superintendence of the college. There are no fellows as in other colleges, and consequently the whole tone of thought and mode of life in the place is set by the warden, who, being elected by this close little body of High Church benefactors, faithfully represents their views. It is to their fellows that the colleges of Oxford owe that independence of thought and action which has made an Oxford education one of the finest trainings in the world. John Henry Newman, Pusey, and Keble himself at Oriel, Francis William Newman and Froude at Exeter, Congreve at Wadham, Stanley at University, Jowett at Balliol, were men who made Oxford what she now is by daring to set themselves against the current tone of thought and opinion in their colleges. As fellows they were independent of the heads of their houses, could defy them, and did so. A college without fellows is simply a colossal boarding school, the undergraduates of which have nothing to do but to be good little boys and please the warden.

We have some reason to hope that the candidature of Professor Smith, of Corpus, for the seat shortly to be vacated by Mr. Hardy, is not so hopeless as it at first appeared to be. His opponent, Mr. Talbot, is, we learn, on the authority of a gentleman who is evidently one of his principal supporters, "a well-tried Conservative, and Churchman of the moderate but earnest and decided type that Oxford has always hitherto desired to find for her representative." "He has established his place in Parliament by his quiet good sense and practical ability, used under the constant and efficient control of a conscientiousness which is not always found in politics, and he has won the confidence of Churchmen of various shades—High, Low, and Broad—by his untiring efforts in and out of Parliament to promote Church education, Church Unions, and useful Church objects of every kind." He is, in short, a sort of Beresford Hope, without that gentleman's pugnacity; and, as such, Oxford will, we are assured, "depart from all her traditions" if she does not return him. As we have said, the election will be a trial of strength; but the Liberal register has gained very much in the University since the last general election, and of one candidate at least the Liberals ought to be able to make sure. The country parson contingent will, of course, be as strong as ever, but there are now a number of Oxford men in the various professions to all of whom Professor Smith is well known, and not one of whom but would be glad to aid in his return. All that Professor Smith's friends have to do is to take a leaf from those tactics for which the late president of St. John's was in his day so famous, and to "canvass, canvass, canvass." If they will but do this they need not, we venture to hope, altogether despair of success; at any rate, they are certain to make a good fight.

It appears that a serious attempt is about to be made in London to introduce horseflesh as an article of food. It will be remembered that in 1868 a grand banquet was held at the Langham Hotel, at which the chief dishes at least of every course consisted of horseflesh dressed in a variety of ways. The dinner was pronounced to be a success, and it may have been so in the sense that the invited guests came, dined, and were satisfied—easily satisfied; but no one has been bold enough hitherto to repeat the experiment. Now, however, that shops have actually been secured for the sale of the meat, and that publicity has been given to the matter by the recent application to the Board of Works to permit the establishment of slaughter-houses for horses intended for human food, we may expect that hippophagy will have a fair trial in England. As a matter of fact there seems to be no valid argument against the use of horseflesh. Experts tells us that it is quite as nutritous as beef, and far more digestible than pork, veal, or mutton; and philanthropists point out that the condition of horses will be greatly ameliorated if it is once established that it is more profitable to fatten them for slaughter than to work them to death. We know that many of our continental neighbours are hippophagists, and none of us who were in Paris at or about the time of the siege can feel quite certain that we have not been involuntary ones. For all this, it is not easy to predict the success of the innovation which Parisian caterers intend to initiate. As a nation we are peculiarly conservative in our gastronomic ideas. If we do not always know what we are eating, we like to think that we do, and that it is of the best; and we are apt to sweep away an undisguised, unblushing novelty of the present kind with a Podsnap-like sweep of the arm, and the declaration that "it is un-English."

The Good Templars are at their old tricks again, though this time the point at issue, the admission of negroes to the order, is apparently only indirectly connected with politics. Against the principles of Good Templarism there is little to be said. "Total abstinence" is doubtless an excellent thing for those whose health, conscience, or strength of mind will not permit of even moderate indulgence in fermented liquors. "Moral suasion," too, when legitimately applied, is an excellent thing, and there would be no objection to the Evangelists of Good Templarism making as many proselytes as they please, or can, provided they did their spiriting gently. The delights of parading a town preceded by bands of music and decorated with medals, badges, and all the other insignia, together with the reward found in a mind conscious of ite own rectitude, ought not to be grudged to the gentls abstainer upon principle. And when he endeavours by moral suasion to gain adherents, to reform the habitual inebriate, or to assist with a kindly hand the weakminded, he is doing work which will meet with general sympathy and approval. This is the Good Templar's proper sphere; but of late years he has shown an inclination to go out of it. The order mixes itself up far too much with politics—a field in which, it is to be feared, it is beginning to exercise an unholy influence. It anathematises those who will not pronounce its shibboleth, whether political or social, and arrogates to itself a monopoly of the religion and virtue of the nation. Infants are enrolled upon its books, "pledged to abstain through life from beer and tobacco in any form," and pledges of another sort are attempted to be exacted from those who seek parliamentary distinctions or local honours. This sort of thing would become intolerable were it not for a beneficent result of freedom of thought and speech which even Good Templars enjoy, and which tends to split the order up by internal dissensions into parties that neutralise each other.

"Defence not Defiance" is the motto of our Volunteer force, and we have no doubt that, in the event of their mettle being put to the proof, they would be found more efficient defenders than the author of the 'Battle of Dorking' a few years ago seemed to anticipate. "Defiance not Defence," seems to be the motto adopted by the new order of Volunteers, Active Service Volunteers, which Captain Bedford Pim is attempting to found with every prospect of success, and they are acting up to their motto, and defying the Czar and the "enormous armaments of the Continent" with a haughty recklessness which does them infinite

credit. The war-horse of the Bible did not snort more magnificently than Captain Pim when he expressed his hope that Sir Garnet Wolseley, who "would probably lead a great many of them into action," would place himself and his contingent "in the hottest part of the fire." We have no doubt that if the numbers and the discipline of Captain Pim's recruits were equal to their courage, they would not prove unworthy of such a position, and would give a shock to the most enormous armaments, and make the Autocrat of all the Russias tremble on his Throne, if not in his shoes. There could not be a better employment for the Jingoes than this. It is to be regretted that the members of the Government, as they have declared through the mouth of Lord John Manners, consider that their position "prevents them from joining actively in the movement;" but, apparently, to parody Mr. Silas Wegg's conception of the function of a poet, their business is to make wars, not to take part in them.

The foreclosure decree in the case of the Erie Railway has been at last carried out, and the line has been sold at a sort of mock auction, at which it has been bought by the representatives of the so-called "Re-construction" party for six million of dollars, or about a million and a half sterling. The next step, of course, will be to wipe out a lot of old stock, and the next to water what is left—unless, indeed, as is very likely, the whole proceedings are set aside.

FRANCE AND THE EXHIBITION.

Next week the French Exhibition is to be opened to the public. There is not much to be said about the show itself. One emporium is very like another; and the similes, metaphors, and commonplaces which were employed to describe the original Exhibition of 1851 might serve equally well to depict any one of its successors. In England we have had our fill of Exhibitions. The decennial period of 1871 passed by without anybody even suggesting the erection of a new Palace of Industry; and since then South Kensington has succeeded in destroying the last traces of what we may call the Exhibitionary Legend. But across the Channel the case is different; and neither in 1855 nor in 1867 was so much interest felt in the success of the Exhibitions to be held at Paris as is evinced in 1878, the eighth year of the Third Republic. Why this should be so is a more interesting subject of speculation than the discussion whether the World Fair about to be held in the Champ de Mars will cover a wider area, contain more cubic feet, and display more bales of goods than any of its forerunners. When the Exhibition once opens, our daily contemporaries will furnish us with the usual stereotyped accounts of its dimensions, contents, and trappings. For our purpose it is enough to say that, to use an American vulgarism, it will be the biggest thing in Exhibitions the world has yet seen. No effort will be spared on the part of France to make the show a success, not, indeed, from a pecuniary, but from an exhibition point of view. Even if the enterprise should result, as seems probable, in a heavy loss to the Treasury, the French public will be perfectly satisfied if it should have proved profitable as a mart for selling and buying. The truth is that Paris, according to French opinion, is, or rather ought to be, the site of all future Exhibitions. If at stated intervals the nations of the earth should agree to compare their respective progress in the industrial arts, Paris, from her central position, her facilities of access, her unrivalled advantages for the reception and entertainment of large multitudes of visitors, is obviously the city where these industrial displays can best be held. Thus it is thought that Paris may ultimately be converted into a sort of Mecca of commerce, to which the trader-pilgrims of the world may be compelled to resort. Not only would such a recognition of the supremacy of Paris as the one site for Exhibitions prove of immediate pecuniary advantage to the capital, but it would tend to confirm the position France now aspires to as an arbiter of industrial excellence, and a clearing-house for the commerce of the Continent.

These aspirations, however, are necessarily confined to the limited class of Frenchmen who take an intelligent interest in the future development of French industry. The reasons why the success of the Exhibition is regarded by the masses as a matter of national importance are of a far simpler character. By an intelligible, though not very logical process of reasoning, the evidence of the nation's wealth which it is believed the Exhibition will afford is popularly regarded as an indirect retaliation on Germany for her successes in the field. No doubt the rulers of Germany, with Prince Bismarck at their head, did sincerely believe in 1871 that by their overwhelming victories, and still more by the crushing financial burdens they had imposed on their dejected enemy, France would be rendered powerless for many a long year to come. The result has hardly corresponded to these expectations. Within barely seven years of the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, France is enabled to invite the world to a spectacle calculated to show that, notwithstanding Sedan and Metz, the siege of Paris, the Commune, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, and the indemnity of five milliards, she is as prosperous and as wealthy as ever. From this demonstration the inference is too obvious to need drawing, that, at no remote date, France may be strong enough to hold her own against Germany. And thus, by a curious irony, the Exhibition idea, which was designed by its authors as a kind of apotheosis of peace, has come to be associated at the present moment in the minds of ordinary Frenchmen with the display of the potential strength of France as a military power. It would be incorrect to assume that the sentiment to which we have alluded involves any immediate desire for a conflict with Germany. On the contrary, the extreme bitterness of feeling occasioned by the late war has a good deal died away; and, if it were not for the irreconcilable hostility created by the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, a cordial understanding between France and Germany might be established with far less difficulty at present than would have been deemed possible a few years ago. Now-a-days there is no party in France which desires war. What France wishes to make manifest is not so much her strength as against Germany, as the fact of her still being one of the great Powers of Europe. Throughout the course of the last two years French susceptibilities have been wounded by the subordinate part France has necessarily played in all the controversies arising out of the Russo-Turkish contest. Though France has neither the wish nor the intention of taking any active share in the settlement of the Eastern Question, she is eager to seize any opportunity of showing that her personality must be taken into account in all European negotiations; and such an opportunity is afforded in her judgment by the approaching Exhibition. Moreover, the very fact of the Exhibition being held at all is in some sort a vindication of her influence. In the present state of Europe, with one great war barely ended and another still greater one apparently about to commence, it would have seemed impossible to get together a great industrial display. That the Exhibition has become a reality is due not only to the energy and persistency with which the enterprise has been carried through by the French Government, but to the strange influence which, notwithstanding her defects, France still exercises over Europe.

Meanwhile, the question of the success or failure of the Exhibition is connected with the internal as well as the external politics of France. According to common apprehension, the credit of the Republic is somehow involved in the fortunes of the Universal Exposition. The truth is that the Exhibition of 1867 was the culminating point of the glories of the Second Empire. For those who could forecast the future the "black spots" were already visible on the horizon; but, to the vulgar mind, the Empire was never so prosperous, so powerful, or so successful as in that marvellous summer of eleven years ago, when the Crowned Heads of Europe assembled together in Paris at the bidding of the Third Napoleon. That bygone time is regretted by large classes of Frenchmen, who care little or nothing about forms of Government; and if it could be shown that under a Republic Paris could hold as brilliant—and as brilliantly attended—an Exhibition as under an Empire, the fact, beyond all question, would win no small amount of adhesions to the Republican cause. On this account an almost exaggerated importance attached to the expected visits of a number of Royal

personages to the President of the Republic; and it is only fair to say that the keen personal interest taken by the Prince of Wales in the arrangements for the Exhibition has contributed in no small degree to conciliate popular feeling in France towards England. The conviction that any internal dissension would jeopardise the prospects of the Exhibition has kept party passions within bounds, and has secured an interval of tranquil development for the Constitutional Republic, which could not well have been secured by any other combination of circumstances. According to a report very current in Paris at this moment the Marshal will resign the Presidency after the close of the Exhibition. Whether this should be the case or not, an attempt will certainly then be made to impress a more decidedly Republican character on the Government. Before the end of the year the Conservative Republicans will possibly have to sustain renewed attacks from the Monarchists on one side and the Democrats on the other. But for the next few months party warfare will be suspended. France, at any rate, will enjoy an interval of tranquillity; and, after all the disasters and troubles of the last few years, such an interval cannot be grudged her even by those who, from one reason or another, object most strongly to her existing institutions. For our part, we can only hope that the success of the Exhibition may be such as to convince even the most timid of French Conservatives that the prosperity and tranquillity they place above all political advantages can best be enjoyed under the shelter of the Republic.

VERA ZASSOULITCH.

It is curious how differently popular feeling is affected by the same incidents in different countries. The Bulgarian outrages never took hold of the popular imagination on the Continent, while on the other hand our own anti-Russian press has passed by, almost unnoticed, the story of Vera Zassoulitch, which has created an extraordinary sensation throughout Europe, and especially in France. The whole narrative reads so much like a romance that one would be tempted to consider it the creation of a French *feuilletoniste* if its main incidents were not vouched for by writers who, like Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, *The Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg, are certainly not open to the suspicion of being actuated by a desire to bring Russia into odium. The story can best be understood by telling it, in as far as it can be told within the limits of an article, in chronological order. Nine years ago Vera Zassoulitch, the daughter of a Russian line officer, was arrested on the charge of being implicated in some revolutionary plot. She was then a girl of seventeen, and for two years she was kept in solitary confinement in one of the prisons of St. Petersburg without ever being brought to trial. In 1871 her punishment of imprisonment was commuted for that of deportation. For five years she resided under strict supervision at various out-of-way towns towards the Siberian frontier, during which time she was frequently brought before the police and ordered to change her place of abode. Throughout all these long years she was never tried, still less convicted or sentenced: she was simply detained in durance as a person under suspicion. Having, as it would seem, neither influence nor money, she had not those means of alleviating her position enjoyed in Russia by prisoners of rank or fortune, and was subjected to extreme privations, if not absolute ill-treatment. At the close of 1875 her detention was terminated as arbitrarily as it had commenced, and she then took up her abode at St. Petersburg. With Vera Zassoulitch's release the prologue to the drama ends; its first act commences two years later, and the scene lies in the Petro-Paulofski prison of St. Petersburg. It seems that last summer, at the very time when the Russians were crossing the Danube to liberate the Bulgarians, this gaol was crowded with a large number of political prisoners, most of them students and young women, who were accused of being members of an illegal secret society entertaining revolutionary designs. In the discharge of his duty, this prison was visited by General Trepoff, the Prefect of Police. On the occasion of his visit there was some sort of hostile manifestation amongst the prisoners, though of what exact character is matter of dispute. This much, however, appears certain, that General Trepoff struck one of the supposed ringleaders, a student enjoying the uneuphonious name of Bogoluboff, across the face with his switch, and then had him publicly flogged as a warning to the others.

The incident got known—as everything of the kind does get known—in some mysterious way in Russia, and created great indignation amidst the friends and acquaintances of the prisoners. The story came to the ears of Vera Zassoulitch, whose mind was embittered by the recollection of her own wrongs. If her statement is to be believed, what outraged her most was not the brutal punishment inflicted on Bogoluboff, but the knowledge of the abject terror and dismay the spectacle of this arbitrary act of cruelty must have caused the unhappy prisoners who were witnesses of the incident. To quote her own words: "I know, by experience, the morbidly excited, nervous condition produced by solitary imprisonment, and the majority of the prisoners in question had been already confined more than three years. Some of them had gone mad; others had committed suicide." If nothing was done to redress their wrongs, Vera Zassoulitch resolved to revenge them by her own hand. Of course, nothing was done. Under an arbitrary Government the authority of the agents of the Government must be upheld, even if they occasionally abuse their power; and General Trepoff remained head of the police. Vera meanwhile bided her time; and one day, some eight months after the *émeute* in the Peter-Paulofski prison, General Trepoff was shot at in the public streets. The shot did not prove fatal, though the General was disfigured for life. Vera Zassoulitch was arrested in the very act of committing the crime, and made no attempt to deny her guilt. She avowed openly that she had fired the pistol with the knowledge that she might possibly kill Trepoff, and had done so deliberately, with the view of hindering other prison officials from committing acts of brutality towards their prisoners. The case was so clear against Vera, that her conviction was regarded as a matter of certainty. Trial by jury is now established in Russia, but, like most other institutions in the Empire, the system only exists by favour of the Czar. In other words, the Government has retained the power of deciding whether any particular prisoner shall be tried by a jury or by an official tribunal. Anyhow, Vera Zassoulitch was brought before a jury of her countrymen, and as she virtually pleaded guilty to the crime of which she stood accused, there would have seemed to be no room for doubt as to the verdict. Her counsel, however, pleaded justification for her offence, and described her as having vindicated the rights of humanity against official wrong-doing. The appeal was not made in vain. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty amidst the applause of the audience, and Vera Zassoulitch was in consequence discharged from custody. The story, however, does not end here. On her way from the Court her carriage was stopped by a mob in the streets. The police interfered; shots were exchanged by which two or three people were wounded; and, profiting by the diversion, the carriage got clear away. Since that time Vera Zassoulitch has disappeared. According to a letter which has been published under her name, she has secreted herself in hiding, in order to avoid the persecutions of the police. According to another version, the letter in question is a forgery, and Vera Zassoulitch has been carried off by the police, and has been placed under custody from which she is never likely to escape again.

Such is the outline of a strange story, which has excited more interest abroad than any other incident of the day. The controversy which has occupied the columns of the Parisian Press, as to whether Vera was a heroine or a criminal, is not a question of great practical importance. What is of far more immediate consequence is the question whether the internal disorganisation of which both her crime and her acquittal are alike symbols, is fraught with serious peril to the future of the Russian Empire. A feeling of animosity towards Russia as the oppressor of Poland is still one of the dominant popular sentiments of France. Moreover, a belief in the power of secret societies is one of the few received articles of French belief. It is, therefore, intelligible enough that the Zassoulitch incident

should have been made the text in Paris for any number of articles tending to prove that Russia is on the eve of a social revolution, and that a foreign war would be the signal for a popular insurrection at home. Russia is still too much of a *terra incognita* for anybody to predict with certainty what may or may not happen there in any given time. But our own strong impression is that the notion of Russia's being likely to fall to pieces through the action of conspiracies of the Vera Zassoulitch class is based on an entire misconception. What constitutes the peculiarity of Russia, morally as well as materially, is the co-existence side by side of a genuine superficies of civilization with an immense substratum of barbarism. The class of which Bogoluboff and Vera Zassoulitch were both members is far more accessible to new ideas and lofty aspirations in Russia than in any other continental country. But in no country is the student class strong enough to make a revolution unless it has far more potent forces at its back than its own unassisted energies. And, somehow, the professional class, which stands between the bureaucray and the peasantry of Russia, has little or no influence with either. After all, the real power of Russia resides in the peasant class, which gives nineteen-twentieths of the whole population. Anybody who wishes to learn how all endeavours to effect social revolutions in Russia fall dead, owing to the crass ignorance and indifference of the peasantry, cannot do better than read M. Tourguéneff's latest novel, 'Les Terres Vièrges.' Even without any special knowledge of the country, it is easy to see that the geographical and material conditions of the Empire are hostile to any popular revolution. There are few large cities in Russia, and the vast mass of the population resides in small villages, separated from each other by long miles of distance. Nowhere in the Empire is there a conglomeration of peasants or artisans upon whose minds or imaginations pressure can be brought to bear simultaneously; and yet such a condition is the *sine quâ non* of any rising by the masses against an established Government. The nobility have lost all individual power; the bureaucracy are wedded to the maintenance of order; and the Czar can rely confidently on the allegiance of the peasantry and the Church. While this state of things continues the Government has nothing to fear from Nihilist conspiracies. We do not underrate the potency of individual self-sacrifice, however misdirected. To paraphrase a well-known saying, "the blood of martyrs is the seed of liberty." But, though the young Russian students who are prepared to sacrifice liberty and life for the promotion of social reforms may be paving the way for the freedom of future generations; yet in our time, unless we are mistaken, they are fighting against forces too strong to be overcome.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

There is a growing feeling of interest in the question as to what part the Volunteers will be summoned to play if this country engages in what may prove a long and costly war. As it is constituted at present, the Force is a purely defensive one, and, however patriotic the spirit of its members may be, there is little likelihood that in its integrity it will be called upon to bear its share of service beyond these shores. That large numbers of individual Volunteers would offer themselves for service in the regular army is likely enough, but the prime duty with which the Force is entrusted is the defence of their own land. They need not, however, be debarred from lending most valuable assistance to the country in time of emergency, as it is quite possible to imagine a state of affairs in which England would require to utilise to the utmost her power of drawing upon the Militia, and the Volunteers might be legitimately employed, as home defenders, in garrison duty. The value of the Volunteer Force, which at first was recognised only by a few, is beginning to be generally acknowledged, and it is at least to be hoped that the result will be to place the whole system upon a more satisfactory footing. There are, of course, some military pedants who resent the suggestion that non-professional soldiers can ever be useful, whilst at the same time they steadfastly oppose any measure which may tend to make them so. They fire up at the notion that the Volunteers could possibly face trained troops in the field, but ignore the fact that this is scarcely the point, at present at least, and that, if it were, there would be all the more reason for affording our citizen army every facility for perfecting its organisation and discipline, and rendering itself on these points the equal, as it is in everything else, of any troops in the world. But the Volunteers have been treated from the first, by those in high places, in a way which would have destroyed any force possessing less inherent vitality and fewer sterling qualities distributed amongst its members. They have been praised in detail and snubbed collectively. Commanding officers have paid them fulsome compliments publicly, and shrugged their shoulders contemptuously in private. The military authorities seem to have dimly recognised the value of the weapon they possessed ready to their hand, and that, at some remote day, it might be found useful. On these terms they have grudgingly allowed the Force to exist, but they have given it scant practical encouragement. We are far from wishing to propose that the Volunteers should be paid. The distinguishing feature of the Force is that its members give their services gratuitously. But it would be easy to show that there are many concessions, based upon sound grounds, which the authorities might gracefully make; whilst, without suggesting that the Force requires nursing—which it certainly does not—we think that it ought to be cordially supported, and its military instincts judiciously fostered.

Moreover, the Government might with advantage contribute more largely to the general expenses. The men give their time, and, in many cases, money, and, with the aid of the Government grant a corps can scrape along in time of peace. But the men are not properly equipped, in any sense of the word; and this is the point to which we would call attention. If we acknowledge the necessity of a Volunteer force, we admit the possibility of its being called upon to serve. The chance may be remote, but it ought, at least, to be taken into consideration. If it is worth while having Volunteers at all, it is surely of the greatest importance that they should be properly equipped. Doubtless, if they were called out, the majority would have the means of providing themselves with necessaries, and they would require far less assistance from the authorities than soldiers of the regular army. But, after all, this is not the point. What we contend for is that things should not be done by halves, and that, if we are to reckon the Volunteers as available troops, they should be put and kept, as far as possible, in a state of thorough efficiency. Besides, with the best intentions and the utmost liberality upon the part of individuals, the whole Force would suffer from want of organisation and direction if it should suddenly be called upon to act. No doubt, supplies of stores and necessaries would be ordered; but how would they be distributed in the inevitable confusion? It is scarcely too much, then, to ask that the Volunteers should be supplied with all absolute necessaries in the way of equipment beforehand, or at least that some system should be devised which would enable them to know where and how to obtain such things at a day's notice if required.

Further, far more attention should be paid to the drill and discipline of Volunteers. Every opportunity should be given to them of making themselves thoroughly efficient, and of giving those who desire it a chance of being brigaded with regular troops. To facilitate this end, some general uniform should be adopted. There can be no doubt whatever that a very large majority of the Force would eagerly avail itself of any opportunities which were offered it of becoming really efficient. But it is unfair to throw upon a body of men who freely give their services, at considerable sacrifice of time, money, and convenience, the additional expense of always maintaining themselves fully equipped for war. That expense should be borne by the State, if it intends to avail itself of their services. What is really wanted is that the whole question should be seriously entertained by the military authorities; that the Volunteers and their requirements should receive due consideration; and that half measures should give way to a comprehensive system by means of which every volunteer shall be able, if he wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with his duties, to take his place in the line, when

called upon, properly equipped and unhampered by having to provide for contingencies or to attend to matters of detail which should all have been arranged for him beforehand by the General Staff. Our citizen army, in fact, demands little beyond organization, direction, and—consideration.

THE SOUTH NORTHUMBERLAND ELECTION.

This contest and its remarkable result has somehow ceased to be of mere local importance. It has been suddenly elevated into a matter of imperial concern, and, if the truth must be told, with a little more reason than was the conflict at Worcester, where "Jingoism" won one of its most brilliant triumphs. The chairman of the Conservative candidate has written an elaborate letter to a daily contemporary, trying to make out that the return of Mr. Grey, because it is only by a technical flaw that his able competitor, Mr. Ridley, has "tied" with him, is a triumph for the "war party." He wants to prove that "the support Mr. Grey received was not necessarily given by persons who are opposed to the foreign policy of the Government"—in short, he attempts to minimise the Liberal success and make believe that it is a Turkophile triumph. Then, again, the fact that, by the technical invalidation of two of Mr. Grey's voters' ballot papers, the numbers on both sides are equal, has stirred up much controversy. The High Sheriff, the returning officer, seemed puzzled what to do in the circumstances, and some people appear to think he ought to have given a casting vote in favour of one or the other candidate. Further, the contest is alleged to read the Liberal party a useful lesson, inasmuch as it teaches them how much may be made of "neglected constituencies" if properly canvassed, and how foolish it is to let that process known as "nursing the register" be almost exclusively carried on by Tory party agents.

As regards the political significance of the South Northumberland contest, we hardly think Mr. Ridley's chairman is doing that gentleman justice when he tries to show that, because Mr. Grey's principles were so like Mr. Ridley's, the constituency preferred Mr. Grey. This would force us to conclude that Mr. Ridley was a weak candidate. But the reverse is the case. Not only do his speeches show him to be a man of no common ability, but if we were to make a mere "man and man comparison" we must feel inclined to think that no body of electors who listened to Mr. Ridley and then to Mr. Grey would give the latter an unquestioned preference. The sentences on which Mr. Ridley's chairman founds his extraordinary theory of Mr. Grey's success are two in number. In one Mr. Grey is reported to have said that, so far as Lord Salisbury's circular intimated that Russia was not going to have it all her own way he approved of it; and there is another in which he said that if Mr. Gladstone would only write and speak less upon the Eastern Question it would be better for all concerned. Mr. Grey himself has written to *The Times*, explaining that what he said about Mr. Gladstone was not quite fairly reported, and that he made his true meaning clear to the constituents long before the polling day. All he meant to say was that nobody could write and speak so much about a single subject as Mr. Gladstone has done about the Eastern Question, and do it and himself perfect justice. For our part, we think Mr. Grey somewhat loses sight of the valuable informatory influence of Mr. Gladstone's voluminous disqusitions on the Eastern Question, and he also forgets that, being about the only man in England who has accurately and exhaustively mastered all the details and facts of the case, he has been to some extent forced to write and speak at unusual length about it. But we venture to think everybody agrees with Mr. Grey to some extent in saying that Mr. Gladstone writes and speaks too much. The man who supposes that opinion to be the exclusive monopoly of the Conservative party must be afflicted with a strange political hallucination, or he must be as ignorant of the political life and doings of Englishmen as if he had spent his whole existence in a balloon. Then, again, the chairman of Mr. Ridley's committee ought to know that Mr. Grey was giving forth a strong liberal sentiment when he approved of the Salisbury circular in so far as it opposed Russia's attempt to have things all her own way. Had the Liberal policy been adopted from the first, Russia would not now be as much as dreaming of "having things all her own way." The Circular was opposed simply because its issue was inopportune, inasmuch as it aggravated rather than smoothed away the artificial difficulties that had been put in the way of the meeting of the Congress. It is very true that Mr. Grey once said there was no great difference apparently between his opinions and those of his opponent. But that was after Mr. Ridley made the remarkable discovery that Lord Beaconsfield's policy was not one of war, and when his followers invented as a battle-cry "Vote for Ridley and Peace." The true story of the election is very easily told. Ever since the Reform Bill the constituency has been the recognised property of the Tory party. For twenty-six years past no Liberal has so much as dared to dispute their claim to it. When the contest began the other day, at a time when it was the boast of Lord Beaconsfield's followers that the solid vote of the rugged and patriotic North would be cast for a bellicose policy, and unhesitatingly in favour of the Government, they declared that Mr. Grey must be beaten by a majority of 1,000. Even Liberals themselves expected Mr. Ridley to win by a majority of about two hundred. The battle was fought on the straight issue now dividing the two sides of the House of Commons. So long as the Ministry kept the country out of war, Mr. Grey said, he would support it, but he would, he added, oppose it by all means in his power if it tried to drift into war, or if its future policy was to be at all like its past. Mr. Ridley, on the other hand, was somewhat bellicose at first, but he gradually toned down into "a peaceful supporter of the Government," —his utterances conveying the impression that he had so much confidence in it that he would vote for it in every party division; just as Mr Grey's made it clear he would do nothing of the sort. Mr. Grey went about the country impeaching the past policy of the Government almost virulently. Mr. Ridley went about defending it with marked ability. Mr. Ridley's committee put the issue of the election on a plain unmistakable basis. They sent forth an "appeal" warning all electors who wanted to support "the firm and patriotic policy of Lord Beaconsfield" that they must vote for Mr. Ridley. Mr. Joseph Cowen, a notorious supporter of this "firm and patriotic policy," controlled the only Liberal newspaper in the district. In this capacity, if in no other, he, we read, "did everything in his power—short of publishing articles calling on everybody to vote for Mr. Ridley—to damage the Liberal candidate." We agree with one of the local journals which says, "when the leading Liberal organ, in the midst of a hotly-contested election, comes out one day with exhortations to all and sundry to support the Government, and then confines itself to disquisitions concerning the Papal hierarchies in Scotland, and topics of similar interest, the Liberal candidate is much in the position of an officer who is shot from behind by the men who ought to have been straining every nerve to secure him the victory." Such were the circumstances in which Mr. Grey fought this campaign. The result, astounding to the Liberals, was that he beat Mr. Ridley by a majority of two—the voting being 2,914 on his side, and 2,912 on Mr. Ridley's. Two of Mr. Grey's ballot-tickets were rejected for a technical informality, and so the result of the election is a "tie." We simply leave the facts to speak for themselves. But we cannot understand the meaning of the plainest English when the Tories deny that the South Northumberland election simply amounts to a vote of no confidence in the Ministerial policy.

In the meantime, of course, both members must be returned. It was not in the power of the Sheriff to do otherwise. In order to keep this high official above suspicion, he is not permitted even to give a casting vote in such a case as this. True, an old Act of William III. apparently prohibits a "double return." But this enactment is overridden by the practice of the House of Commons. In 1866, for example, the candidates for Helston polled an equal number of votes, and the returning officer returned only one of them to the House. If we remember rightly, a remonstrance was lodged in the form of a petition, which was reported upon by a Select Committee. After considering this report, the House adopted a resolution affirming "that, according to the law and usage of Parliament, it is the duty of the sheriff, or other returning

officer in England, in case of an equal number of votes being polled for two or more candidates, to return all such candidates." Indeed, long before the Helston case, there was a curious instance at Knaresborough, in 1852, of three candidates polling an equal number of votes; and on that occasion the returning officer sent them all up to the House. In 1859 both Knaresborough and Aylesbury afforded an example of these odd "double returns." The question that is being asked just now is, what will the House do with Messrs. Grey and Ridley? The procedure is very simple. Both gentlemen, being returned, have an equal right to claim the seat and be sworn in. Mr. Speaker can, therefore, receive their oaths. But as only one vote can be given by them, and as neither has a better claim than the other to give that vote, Mr. Speaker will probably order them to withdraw below the bar till their rival claims are adjudicated upon. When the House settled such questions itself, a committee was appointed to scrutinise the "double return" and ultimately decide where the best right lay. If the return is petitioned against, this point will be submitted to the Election Judges, and, as they are sure to find on either side some invalid papers, it is probable that they will have little difficulty in allotting the seat to the rightful claimant. The only difficulty is that neither side is willing to incur the expense of petitioning, and it is only on a petition that the judges can take action. If no petition is lodged the original jurisdiction of the House of Commons must be held to cover the case; and we suppose it will remit it to the consideration of a Select Committee. But, whoever wins in the long run, the moral result of the election must remain unaltered. In a constituency which the Tories have held without opposition for twenty-six years, and where the Liberals have almost wholly neglected the register the Ministerial candidate was beaten on the straight issue of approving or disapproving the Ministerial policy as a whole. Considering that Scotland is utterly opposed to the foreign policy of the Cabinet, and that the North of England is equally divided about it, we may say that, if the Government have a majority for them in the southern half of the island, they have one against them in the northern. Can they go to war in such circumstances?

THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW' AND THE CONSTITUTION.

We could not wish to see a more satiric commentary on the relativity of the terms Conservative and Liberal than an article which appears in the April number of the *Quarterly Review*. Times certainly change with wonderful rapidity. If, ten years ago, anybody had predicted that in the present year of grace we should find the *Quarterly* ridiculing the wisdom of our forefathers, and denouncing the use of the word Constitutional as a means of stifling free discussion, he would have been laughed at as a visionary. But fact is stranger than prophecy, and the acutest intellect could not have foreseen how thoroughly the Conservative of so many years standing would pass into the Revolutionist of to-day. A contributor to the journal which once was supposed to represent all that was stable in our system of Government, and who writes as if he wished it to be understood that he holds a brief for the highest estate in the realm, comes forward to show that the results attained by the earnest labours of eighteen generations of our forefathers are a delusion, and that our only hope of escape from the consequences of their blunders lies in assimilating our Government, as fast as we possibly can, to that which is now accepted at St. Petersburg, and which the Japanese are discarding in foolish imitation of the cynosure of Western nations. The common understanding about our present system of government is that, after having tried various experiments, we have come to the conclusion that security for having our affairs properly administered can be obtained only by making the administrators responsible to the nation; but the *Quarterly* Reviewer, who calls himself a "Tory," which we have generally supposed to be an equivalent for the word Conservative, is of opinion that, admitting, "for the sake of argument," that this principle answers for Home affairs, the only way of preserving our independence among the nations is to "leave the Executive—he will go farther, and add the Sovereign herself"—free to do what they please in the management of our foreign affairs. This is to say, that, whereas hitherto we have acted on the principle that the Sovereign could do no wrong, because he or she had representatives whom we could call to account if necessary in the persons of her Ministers, these ministers also should enjoy the same immunity from supervision, should be left free to act in the determination of our foreign policy at least, as they or the Sovereign deem right without the slightest regard to the views or wishes of the country at large. In the department of foreign affairs the Cabinet ought to yield implicit obedience to the Sovereign, and ordinary members of Parliament should ask no questions, because neither they nor the constituencies whom they represent can have any knowledge of what the true interests of the country demand. "For the sake of argument," it may be admitted that our popular representatives know something of the requirements of the country in such matters as roads, bridges, prisons, schools, and friendly societies, but of everything that relates to the maintenance of our international dignity, and the preservation of our colonies and dependencies, they must, from the necessity of the case, be entirely ignorant, and their intermeddling can only create confusion and paralysis.

"Give me a fulcrum," Archimedes is reported to have said, "and I will move the world." The fulcrum with the aid of which the *Quarterly Review* is attempting to subvert the machinery of government elaborated with infinite pains and prolonged contention by our forefathers, is the authority of a Greek philosopher working in his closet with nothing to guide his judgment but the experience of two generations of autocrats and clever politicians in small and peculiarly constituted states. With every respect for the great authority of Aristotle, whom we have all been taught to reverence, it is not obvious that we should at once proceed to undo the framework of our system of government because he with sagacious analysis declared that in every government there must be two great elements, force and opinion. We may admit this without admitting the contention of the *Quarterly*, that in our system of government force is represented by the Sovereign and opinion by the Houses of Parliament, and that force should have everything its own way without regard to opinion, more particularly in the department of foreign affairs. The theory of our existing "Constitution" which the *Quarterly* has been betrayed by this abstract antithesis into propounding seems an extraordinary one when we try to translate it into simple language. As stated by the *Quarterly*, it is that the Crown is "the depositary of the concentrated force of the nation, the disposer of peace and war." The Crown listens to what Parliament, the representative of national opinion, has to say, but it follows its own counsels. Of late a most exaggerated importance has been attached to the declarations of the members of the Cabinet. When they stated that they intended to maintain a strict but conditional neutrality between Russia and Turkey, or that their policy was most pacific in its aims, they were not speaking as the men to whom the nation had entrusted the administration of its foreign affairs. The notion that they are "delegated to do the work of the nation" is, according to the *Quarterly Review*, a ridiculous misapprehension. They are in office to express their "opinions." The Sovereign sits in solemn state, and, if graciously so pleased, weighs and ponders their declarations, but is in no way bound by them. The Sovereign is "the disposer of peace and war," the embodiment of Force. We have been foolish enough to suppose that the wisdom of our ancestors had devised a machinery for checking autocratic force, for clothing national opinion with a superior and decisive force. But this, it seems, is all a mistake. Our boasted Constitution is as simple as the simplest of Oriental despotisms, where the will of the Autocrat is the law.

It is true the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, though he firmly asserts the dependence of "the wealth and security of the English people upon the power of the Crown," seems to waver slightly in his convictions. His predilections are divided between the form of government prevalent in China and that which obtains in Japan. The time, he says, during which "the various elements of the English Constitution

were more evenly balanced than at any period before or after" was "during the 130 years that elapsed between the accession of Anne and the first Reform Bill;" and within this happy period the culminating point was reached when the Force of the Crown was wielded, not by the Sovereign himself, but by a minister who enjoyed his confidence and ruled in his name. When the younger Pitt was Shogun and George III. was Mikado the British Constitution was at the zenith of its perfection. "Ignorance of the grossestkind it is," the *Quarterly* Reviewer asserts in one place, "to suppose that the occupant of the oldest throne in Europe, surrounded by a boundless *prestige*, possessed of vast if undefined prerogative, and commanding countless sources of influence, could ever sink into the capacity of a mere mechanical register of the will of Parliament." But he sees no objection whatever to the monarch's sinking into a mechanical register of the will of a Prime Minister. Only, unless we are to suppose him capable of extreme inconsistency, he desires a change in the status of the Prime Minister. If he thinks that the Prime Minister should be the actual though not the nominal "depositary of the concentrated force of the nation, the disposer of peace and war," there is no reason whatever why he should quarrel with "Verax" and his theories of the British Constitution, unless he is also of opinion that the Premier should no longer be held responsible to Parliament, be liable to dismissal from his office by a vote of the House of Commons, and to impeachment before the same tribunal in the event of such maladministration as seems to it to demand this extreme proceeding. It is in this question of responsibility that the difference lies between "Verax" and the *Quarterly Review*. "Verax" is alarmed at the prospect of our losing through supineness and "Conservative reaction" a guarantee for the proper administration of our affairs, foreign and domestic, which our forefathers secured by persistent exertion and some expenditure of blood. So far as any coherent purpose can be discovered in the article of the *Quarterly* Reviewer, his desire is to see this guarantee subverted, and Parliament turned into a debating society, which shall have no control over our national affairs, but may now and then pass votes to register the decisions arrived at by the Prime Minister and the Sovereign, separately or after due consultation.

THE CO-OPERATIVE IDEA.

In the course of the proceedings of the Co-operative Congress assembled at Manchester, Bishop Fraser has made the remarkable statement that about three or fours ago there were in course of construction at Oldham twenty-five co-operative cotton mills, of an estimated total value of a million and a half sterling. One is tempted to inquire whether Dr. Fraser may not have to some extent confounded co-operative with joint-stock concerns. His reported address, however, leaves no room to doubt that he really meant mills where capitalists and workmen were, at least as a rule, identical. The only matter for surprise is that a co-operative experiment should have been attempted on so large a scale in a single industry and in one and the same district—for co-operation itself is not of yesterday, nor would it be wise to assign limits either to the extent of its application, or the beneficence of its results, in the industrial life of the future. But what was the secret of the failure with which, as we gather from his lordship's address, the Oldham co-operators met? He has not furnished the details, but, with the history of similar failures in one's memory, the general explanation may easily be guessed. Workmen-capitalists have shown themselves deficient in the organising faculty, the commercial and financial insight, the tact, and the knowledge of men that are no less precious to every true captain of industry than an unlimited command of money. But, it will be asked, may they not buy all these moral and intellectual requisites? in other words, put themselves in the hands of some "ablest man," just as joint-stock companies do, and reap their reward without any detriment to their character as co-operators. They may, of course, but as a matter of fact they have seldom or never done so. They have too frequently evinced an impatience of the discipline which constitutes the very first condition of success. They would all drive the industrial team rather than hand the reins to their best whip; and when they do select a whip they pay him badly. Even the warmest admirers of the co-operative movement fear lest, in the higher and more complicated forms of industry, it should collapse through lack of discipline. A co-operative organization, says Mr. Brassey, often resembles a council of war which insists on conducting the battle; and M. Renan writes to the same effect:—"Rappelez vous ce qui a tué toutes les sociétés co-opératives d'ouvriers; l'incapacité de constituer dans de telles sociétés une direction sérieuse, la jalousie contre ceux que la société avait revêtus d'un mandat quelconque, la prétension de les subordonner à leur mandants, le refus obstiné de leur faire une position digne." The strike among the workmen-capitalists of the Ouseburn Engine Works was an odd illustration of the perils which lie in the path of co-operative production, as distinguished from co-operative distribution.

The criticisms of which the preceding is, for the most part, but a brief summary, are not those of disparagement, but rather of encouragement and warning; and the prospect of new and larger ventures in the sphere of production renders them all the more worthy of serious consideration. Not that much importance need be attached to the novel experiment in co-operative agriculture upon which, on Monday last, the Marquis of Ripon dwelt in the course of his inaugural speech. If, as seems to be the intention, the co-operative farm is to be split into a number of independent holdings, it is difficult to understand how the experiment can benefit anybody. How, even, can it fairly be called "co-operative?" Like Mr. Ruskin's society of St. George, it would only be a vain protest against the tendency of the age. On this point his Lordship might have quoted the statement of a preceding President of the Congress, which seemed to show, from a comparison between the English and American size averages of farms, that the limit of sub-division could not be lowered in this country without detriment to the quality, and therefore to the productiveness of our agricultural industry. If this be so, the co-operative farmer will ultimately sell or be sold out; and a second trial would simply be a new version of the fruitless toil of Sisyphus. Of course a very different fate might await a single co-operative farm of sufficient size, provided the labourer-capitalists paid the full market value for the highest scientific management. Only a critic incompetent to deal with a really great social question would deny the possibilities, at least, of a co-operation of this sort if conducted with the requisite intelligence. For all we can tell, the experiment might open the way to a solution of the land problems upon which so many economists have vainly expended their ingenuity. At all events, the idea of co-operation, is one of the most significant ideas of the day, and, as Lord Ripon observed, it is capable of realisation in almost every department of production or of distribution. If its failures have often proved disastrous, its triumphs have frequently been brilliant. In England, the Paisley Manufacturing Society, the Hebden Bridge Fustian Society, the Eccles Quilt Company, the Lurgan Damask Company, offer a few among many instances of success. The Co-operative Printing Society of Manchester is, or lately was, in a flourishing condition; and so is, or was, the Wolverhampton Plate Lock Society, which began life with £13 at its bankers, if, indeed, the bankers consented to take charge of so modest a deposit. The reverses of the Ouseburn Engine Company were entirely owing to bad management. Co-operative establishments have answered well in Austria and Sweden, and especially in the American States of New York and Massachusetts. These are cases of co-operation pure and simple; but there are others, called by Lord Ripon "industrial partnerships," meaning the wage-receiver's participation in the profits of the capitalist. The best known examples of this system are furnished at the works of Messrs. Briggs, and of Fox, Head, and Co., in this country, and of M. Godin, at Guise, in France; their general principle being the assignment (after payment of wages and salaries) of their shares of the income to interest on capital, management, repairs and other contingencies, and the distribution of the surplus among the employers and the workmen in proportion to their respective

claims. Lord Ripon, however, calls this benevolence, and he delivers a parenthetical denunciation against the "cant" of people who dwell over much on the demoralizing effects of charity. There is, no doubt, a good deal of affectation in the hard, matter-of-fact views of life to which public writers occasionally give expression. It is also worthy of remark that some prominent speakers on the same subject have lately, in Exeter Hall, been defining Co-operation as "the means of the strong for the protection of the weak." At the same time, and at the risk of subjecting one's-self to the speaker's monosyllabic retort, one might contend that Co-operation, in so far as it is charity or mere benevolence, is a mistake. Co-operation is the resource of the very people who least require charity, of the intelligent and the energetic, that is to say of the "strong." Its essence is self-help, the very opposite of charity. Of course, if benevolence leads to self help, the "weak" cannot have too much of it. But further, have not Messrs. Fox, Head and Co., for instance, had any tangible return for their charity? They have had; for they have not been troubled with strikes, their workmen are the cream of their class, and as a consequence their articles are of the very best finish, and always command their price. All this goes to show that the worthiest form of benevolence may amount to much the same thing as enlightened selfishness; though the conduct of the above-named firms is none the less entitled to the sincerest admiration. Their example is one which might be followed with advantage in many quarters where contests between labour and capital have only brought disaster upon both.

Lord Ripon's review was, however, connected less with production than distribution, of which he cited some very interesting statistics. At the end of 1875 the members of co-operative stores exceeded four hundred and twenty thousand for England alone, and the shares amounted to upwards of four-and-a-half millions. These are the last available returns; but if the former rate of increase has been maintained, the totals for 1877 must show a very large advance over those for 1875. At the end of 1872 the membership was estimated at over 300,000, and the share capital at £2,784,000. These results prove conclusively that the system of co-operative distribution has taken firm root in the country. Indeed, it is only because the name is ordinarily used as if it were synonymous with co-operative shopkeeping, that people forget that the thing itself is, for the present, at least, even more desirable than co-operative production. Distribution is just as applicable to housekeeping, to travelling, to literature and her sister arts, as to the process of selling soap and sugar over a counter. Three—we believe it is three—skilled cooks suffice for the wants of the seven hundred inmates of the London Hospital. What a revelation for housewives who waste and worry their lives away over the concerns of their individual kitchens! Why cannot a beautiful "social palace" be built for the money—or even much less than the money which would be wasted on a street of the miserable "dogholes" that desecrate the name of architecture? It is not an over-sanguine hope that Co-operation, in its æsthetic as well as merely utilitarian aspects, may some day become a great social force. Two facts point in that direction—first, the growing intensity of the struggle for existence; secondly, the refining influences at work in the masses, and even now recognisable in the rise of public libraries, local art galleries, and musical associations. The new feeling is aptly expressed in Mr. Brassey's aphorism, "A livelihood is not a life," which discredits the older aphorism that "life is not all beer and skittles," and deserves to be written in letters of gold in every working man's parlour; yes, and in the elegant drawing room of many a graceful canterer in Rotten-row.

MR. BUCKLAND ON HERRINGS.

We have no notion what it costs to print an octavo blue-book of something like three hundred pages, but, as a mere matter of curiosity, we hope some member of the House of Commons will, when Parliament re-assembles, move for a return of the exact sum that it has cost to print the report which has been made by Messrs. Frank Buckland, Spencer Walpole, and Archibald Young on the Herring Fisheries of Scotland, and which has been presented to both houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. The whole matter of the Scotch herring fisheries lies in a nutshell. Anyone who has studied the subject or is familiar with the Scotch coasts has but one opinion about it. Those who have not any such special advantage need only consult Mr. Holdsworth's admirable work on 'Deep Sea Fishing and Fishing Boats.' Mr. Holdsworth was secretary to the Deep Sea Fisheries Commission, and his book tells us really all that is known. A glance at the map of Scotland will at once explain why it is that the herring fishery on the west coast has fallen off. Year after year increased experience has shown that the further the fishermen put out to sea the more herrings they catch—that the herring, in other words, must be looked for, not in the shallow, but in the deep waters, and that the large shoals occasionally to be found in the estuaries, lochs and firths are exceptional instances, serving only to establish the general rule. The consequence is that, year after year, the Scotch herring fishers have ventured further and further out to sea, and have shot their nets in deeper waters season after season. All round the British coast, as we know from Mr. Holdsworth, the same thing has been going on. Fishermen go further and further out to sea, and the consequence is that, year by year, they have been compelled to employ larger boats. Fifteen years ago, a Grimsby trawler, with her nets and equipment ready for sea, cost £800. A vessel of the size now used will cost from £1,200 to £1,500, if not more. The common Brixham and Dartmouth smacks will cost at least £1,000. Twenty years ago the boats in use were not half the present tonnage. The same thing has been going on all round the coast; and year after year the Scotch herring boats have increased in size. Now, the East coast of Scotland, from Berwick-upon-Tweed almost up to Duncansby Head, and certainly as far as Cromarty and Tarbet, has excellent harbours, giving accommodation to fishing boats of almost any tonnage. The west coast, on the contrary, is wild and inhospitable. Harbour accommodation for boats of a large size is wanting, and the consequence is that the western fisheries have fallen off. The herrings from the west coast are, no doubt, as good as those from the east; but, in consequence of the condition of the fishery, they are not so plentiful; and we know that buyers always prefer to buy, not only in the cheapest market, but also, if possible, in the largest.

All this has been known for some years past, but Her Majesty has certain gentlemen employed at a considerable yearly salary as inspectors of fisheries. Amongst these are Mr. Frank Buckland, Mr. Spencer Walpole, and Mr. Archibald Young. It seems to have become necessary to find something or other for these gentlemen to do. Accordingly, it was represented to Mr. Cross that the herring fishery on the coasts of Scotland was "in an unsatisfactory state," and he at once nominated Messrs. Buckland, Walpole, and Young as Commissioners to enquire "whether any legislative regulations would tend to promote the welfare of the fishermen engaged in the said fishery and to increase the supply of herrings for the benefit of the public." The Commissioners seem to have had a very pleasant time of it. Her Majesty's ship *Jackal* was placed at their service, and in her they spent the three pleasantest months of the year cruising about the coast of Scotland and collecting evidence. Their mode of procedure is charmingly simple. At each town they seem to have gone to the best hotel, to have had up the local fishermen, and to have asked their views. The "evidence" thus got together is printed at full length, and occupies some two hundred pages. Mr. David Mackenzie, fisherman, of Burghead, "holds that if you have more nets you will kill more fish," and believes that he himself is "a much better judge of a net than any Commissioner can be." He is "opposed to a close season." Mr. Alexander MacLean, of Poolewe, Ross-shire, "is in favour of a close season." Similarly, Mr. Linton, of Newhaven, is in favour of a close season, while Mr. James McCombie is of the directly contrary opinion. In short, the various old men of the sea who were brought up before the Commissioners had each his own view. One told one story and one another; and it is difficult to see what has been gained by collecting, printing, and publishing at a considerable expense such a

mass of nonsense. To do the Commissioners such justice as they deserve, they have discreetly arrived at the conclusion that nothing need be done. After taking all this precious evidence and sifting it, they find themselves of opinion that the herring fishery on the coasts of Scotland as a whole has increased and is increasing, and that nothing that man has yet done, and nothing that man is likely to do, has diminished, or is likely to diminish, the general stock of herrings in the sea. Mr. Holdsworth told us this three years ago, and there is really nothing, except the absurd minutes of evidence, in the present blue book that is not to be found in that gentleman's 'Deep Sea Fishing and Fishing Boats.' Herrings, indeed, are as plentiful in the sea as are gnats in the air, and need just as little legislative protection. This is the result of the collective wisdom of Messrs. Buckland, Walpole, and Young. We knew as much years ago, and we fail to see what precise good has been gained by sending these three gentlemen cruising round the coast of Scotland in one of Her Majesty's ships, at the public expense, and reprinting the evidence they have taken from the local boatmen. One might almost as well send a commission down to Brighton to collect the evidence of the boatmen and bathing machine-keepers on the beach as to the possibility of a Russian descent on the south coast. Mr. Buckland adds to the report a paper of his own on the natural history of the herring, from which we gather, amongst other things, that "gulls consume an enormous quantity of herrings," and that the gannet "is a big bird." We are duly grateful to Mr. Buckland for this valuable information. We are also glad to know that in his opinion "the wings of the bird are analagous to the fins of the fish" —an analogy which he, apparently, considers due to the fact that "both birds and fishes were created on the fifth day." "The wings," he adds, "transport the bird through the air. The fins of the fish transport their owner through the water. In other words, the fish flies in the water, and the bird swims in the air." Really, if this is all that Mr. Buckland has to tell us as the result of a three months' yachting voyage in a Queen's ship round the coast of Scotland, we venture to think that he must have put the pleasant summer outing, which he enjoyed at the public expense, to very little purpose. Mr. Martin Tupper could have said as much, and could have said it in better English. Solomon has said the same thing, but said it better. Surely—to sum up this miserable blue-book in a sentence—it is time that jobs of this sort came to an end.

THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Three hundred and twenty-four years ago, an Arctic Expedition, equipped in high hope, and with gallant men, was sailing out from the Thames. It was not only a great expedition, but it was the first that had ever been despatched from England for systematic Northern Explorations. Not that the ships were large, for the *Bona Esperanza* was but 120 tons, the *Edward Bonadventure* 160, and the *Bona Confidentia* 90, while the crew all told, including Captain, General, Master, Pilot-major, seamen, and merchants, was but 114, considerably fewer than those which sailed three years ago on a similar quest. The Admiral was a man of mark, and one of the most famous of Queen Bess's heroes, Sir Hugh Willoughby, half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, while Richard Chancelor and Cornelius Durfoorth were in their day mariners of fame, painfully well known along the Spanish main. In Master Hakluyt we read how gaily they started on their venture. "They saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, and another his kinsfolkes, and another his friends dearer than his kinsfolkes," after which the ships dropped down to Greenwich, where the Court then was; the great ships were towed down by the boats, "the marriners being all apparelled in watchet or skie-coloured cloth. The Countess came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shoare; the Privie Counsel, they lookt out at the windowes of the Court, and the rest ranne up to the toppes of the towers; the shippes hereupon discharged their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of warre, and of the sea; insomuch that the tops of the hills sounded herewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the marriners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang again with the noise thereof." A fortnight later they were at Vardahuis, in Lapland, and there they met "certaine Scottishmen," who, even in those days, had wandered so far afield. These "Scottishmen" were, moreover, cautious, like all their countrymen, and liberal of advice to the Englishmen. They counselled them to return to their "ain countree." But the men who had bearded the Spaniard at La Guyaras were not to be awed by the spirit that dwelleth in the land of ice and snow. It would have been better for them, and possibly not worse for England, had they taken the advice of the "certaine Scottishmen," for next summer Willoughby and all his crew were found by some Russian fishermen frozen to death not far from the Port of Kegor. This was the first expedition in search of a North-East Passage to India. In those days the great breadth of the European and Asiatic continents were not known; hence it seemed a reasonable belief to suppose that the northern extremity might, after a little struggle with the ice fields, be doubled as easily as could the south, and thus a quick and safe passage be found into the South Sea, and so to India, Cepango, and "the Catheian coast." Soon after many a noble life had been sacrificed in the attempt, the dream was discovered to be an unsubstantial one, and then the North-West was essayed. One story of the search for the North-West Passage to India—around the northern end of America—only closed in our own day with the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin. That the North-West Passage exists, as does the North-East one, we know. But it is cumbered with ice, and though Captain Bedford Pim travelled over the ice field which intervened between Maclure's ship, which had entered from Behring Strait, and Belcher's from Baffin's Bay, yet no vessel has ever sailed through that neck of ice-choked sea, and probably never will. With this ended —as the world thought—that brilliant record of futile searches for passages to the Indies. Nor is the stimulus for these searches now existing, even did we not know that the passage could be no practical value if found. The Pope's Bull, giving the Spaniard the lordship of the Pacific, no longer operates. The sea is free to all men. Cape Horn and the "Cape of Torments" are equally practicable, while the Middle Passage, by way of the Suez Canal, is a quicker, a safer, and, in spite of Pharoah and his host of tax gatherers, a cheaper route to Cathay and Cepango, China and Japan, than the icy way either round America or, in the other direction, along the northern shores of Asia and Europe.

But the searches for the North-East Passage are not yet over. The idea of making the route a way to the west may have been abandoned, and even the hope of deriving some advantage to commerce from the utilisation of the "Passage" may exist in only a faint degree, but the scientific ardour in the solution of this Arctic problem still remains. This summer it will be essayed. The adventurer will be Dr. Von Nordenskjöld, Professor of Mineralogy in the Academy of Stockholm, the son of an eminent astronomer, and himself a geologist and explorer of fame. Voyage after voyage has Professor Nordenskjöld made to the North. Spitzbergen knows him, and he knows Greenland. Further, he has twice sailed as far east as the Zenisci, and in the course of these autumn voyages believes that he has established the fact that along a great portion of the Arctic shores of Europe and Asia there is open water during several months in the year. He considers that these voyages, as well as those of Captain Wiggins, Mr. Seeböhm, and others undertaken at his instigation, have conclusively proved that the early navigators commenced their voyages too early and ended them for the season too quickly. If they had chosen the autumn months they would have found the sea comparatively free of ice, driven off from the shore by the currents of the great rivers which debouch into the Arctic Sea, and by the heat of the weather during the four months of continuous sun-light. Thus it will be seen that he whose name is "the Northern Shield" is, if as theoretical as professors usually are, practical beyond the wont of the dreamy order abhorred of Otto Von Bismarck. Out of Gothenburg, sometime in July, it is proposed for the expedition to sail. The crew will consist of experienced northern navigators, and, unlike most

English "scientific" expeditions, which sail without scientific men (Hamlet, with Hamlet's part omitted), will be accompanied by *savans* in addition to its accomplished commander. The steamer *Vega* will bear the adventurers, and provisions will be put on board for two years. It is believed that the vessel will reach the Zenisci sometime early in August, and it is hoped that time will admit of the region between Siberia and the north end of Novaya Zemyla being well explored before all speed need be made for Cape Cheljaskin. Here the expedition will reach a point beyond which the coast has not been well explored bythe little Russian expeditions which have spread east and west along the shores between the years 1734 and the present time. It is, however, confidently expected that in a well equipped steamer, keeping not too far from the shores and rivers, and taking advantage of the open waste made by the floods of the Khatanga, Bolaklinia, Anabara, Olem, Lena, Yana, Khroma, Indigirkha, Kolyma, and other smaller rivers, no extraordinary difficulty will be experienced in getting to Behring Strait before the winter stops all further exploration. It would be sanguine to an unwarranted degree to hope that all this progression will be carried out. But some will, and, whether successful altogether or only partially, there cannot be two opinions as to whether Professor Nordenskjöld will not accomplish a great work for geography and for commerce. Last, we may note that this expedition, like many others which has sailed from Sweden, has been equipped almost solely at the expense of Mr. Oscar Dickson, Burgomaster of Gothenburg. Mr. Dickson, as his name indicates, is the son of a Caledonian. Thus in the end "certain Scotchmen" have—after an interval of three hundred years—been found in Scandinavia not discouraging intending Arctic adventures.

We have incidentally referred to Professor Nordenskjöld's voyages to the Zenisci. The importance of these should not be lost sight of. That a vessel may, unless under very exceptional circumstances, make her way as far as the Zenisci every autumn has already been proved by the voyages we have mentioned. Here there is a new route for commerce. Siberia is penetrated by great rivers, one of which, the Zenisci, is two thousand miles long and navigable for hundreds of miles from its mouth. It is thus the third largest river in the world, being only surpassed by the Amazon and the Mississippi. But, like all the other Siberian rivers, it flows into the Arctic Sea. Hence hitherto it could only be utilised for what might serve local purposes. In other words, vessels for Europe could not load at its mouth. This need, however, no longer be an obstacle. No longer need the riches of Siberia be incapable of being properly developed owing to the difficulty and consequently enormous expense of carrying the produce to a profitable market. The fossil ivory of the extinct wood elephant, which is found scattered in such abundance over the Arctic shores, may now be brought to the wayfarers of London at half the cost it has hitherto reached them. The ores of Siberia, the furs, the timber, the grain, and the endless other riches of that much maligned land, may be equally brought down the great water highways to the vessels ready to load at their mouths, and borne to Europe by that Arctic water way, which Nordenskjöld, and, among our own countrymen, Wiggins and Lamont, have shown to exist during the autumn months. Siberia is not the dreary desert which pupular ideas have pictured it. There is something more in it than packs of wolves hunting after travellers' sledges over the perennial snow, than exiles groaning in mines, or Nihilistic moujiks eating candles in the intervals of being knouted. It is in reality—in the southern parts—a blooming garden during the summer months, if, like Canada and the Northern United States, a snow-covered waste during the winter. It is, therefore, worth developing. It is thus pleasant to think that the summer which looks so gloomy for the world in Southern Russia promises so highly for science and commerce in the other extremity of the Empire of Alexander Nicolavitch. For, before the snows again cover the Swedish hills, we shall, let us hope, hear good news for geography—if, indeed, Dr. Nordenskjöld and his companions are so fortunate as to accomplish what Martin Frobisher told Queen Elizabeth was "the only thing now left in the world whereby a notable man might grow famous and fortunate."

DOING WITHOUT SERVANTS.

The abolition of domestic service, if it were possible, is by no means to be wished for in the interest of the classes from whom the servants come. The arts of housewifery are notoriously not intuitive among the English, and, if the wives and daughters of working men had no other example of culinary care and cleanliness and the refinements of orderly domestic habits than they would create for themselves, there would inevitably be a falling back in these matters. As it is, there is usually, from their want of skill, and want of management, and want of zeal as cooks, caterers, and cleaners, far too little comfort in their homes for the expenditure; but, so long as an appreciable per-centage among them receive something of a practical education in domestic duties, and have opportunities of forming a higher ideal of cleanliness and fitness and prettiness in domestic surroundings than that suggested by the arrangements of slatternly neighbours, there is something to leaven the general incapacity, and good traditions must exist. Even where the mother is herself competent, there are very few working-class homes in which the daughters can be effectually trained in the household skills of which they ought to be past mistresses when they come to the management of homes of their own. The notable mother has no time to spare, and finds it quicker work to do things herself than to entrust them to bungling, and very likely unwilling beginners; she cannot afford the damage of their breakages and blunders; and she has not patience to see the things she would have done well herself disgrace her housekeeping ill done by others. It is not uncommon even to find the daughters of particularly active and efficient housewives more indolent and inefficient in housewifery than those of the gossips and the slatterns and the helpless creatures who are daily in a feeble and promiscuous way "cleaning up" after yesterday and making dirt for to-morrow; the incapable women, for their own sakes, make their girls do something, though they may not be wholesomely exacting as to how it is done; the capable women are apt to think only of how the work will prosper best, and to do it all themselves. There is scarcely any form of self-control more difficult to practice than that of seeing another incompetently performing, in obedience to your own command, a task which you could achieve better youself; to leave to your pupil or your servant what it is his part to do and yours only to direct; but what he can do and he cannot is one of the most difficult offices of teaching and ruling, one to some natures well-nigh impossible. It is, at all events, a power not as a matter of course possessed by all educated persons, nor even by all educated persons who recognise its importance, and it seems to be one of more difficult acquirement by women than by men. It is certainly not a power likely to be common among hard-worked women barely able to read and write, and with no leisure for considering moral problems and striking the balance between the immediate and final use of their accustomed ways. And under any circumstances a small and plainly furnished home cannot in the care of it offer so much employment to several women as to give a useful apprenticeship to the business of housewifery; nor can several daughters be maintained at home without remunerative occupation in order to give them opportunity of practising house-work. But domestic service offers the best imaginable training school for young women who are some day to have the handiwork of their own homes to perform. And all the while they are getting their apprenticeship in it, they are earning a comfortable maintenance and wages sufficient not only for dress according to their needs—allowing the indulgence of a little pardonable feminine vanity to be also a need—but for, when they are wise enough, the putting something into the savings' bank against rainy days, or towards stocking the house when they marry.

The value of domestic service as a training school is, it will be noticed, only spoken of here in connection with women-servants. Under the present order of hierarchy and division of labour among servants—which having been evolved by the servants for themselves are practically unalterable by the employers—it cannot be said that domestic service has any like advantages for developing usefulness in English in-door men-servants. In foreign households in-door men-servants

may readily acquire activity and industry, and the knack of a dozen home handicrafts that need a strong hand and a little ingenuity, the knack best described as "being able to turn one's hand to anything;" for their service demands such qualities. They take a prominent share in the laborious part of the house-work, using their superior strength to the rubbings and burnishings which tax weak arms so severely; and the natural rule of households is felt to be that work too hard for women-servants is for men-servants. In our system, the men-servants accept only a light and lady-like share of anything that can be called house-work, and have no functions for which strength is desirable, or even for which it is of the slightest use, except waiting at table and cleaning plate—tasks which, though strength is a great help to their easy and successful performance, call for no effort from the strong and are scarcely a fatigue to the weak; the natural rule of households with us is that work too hard for the men-servants is for the women-servants. In-door service so constituted can only be valuable so far as its inducements of little labour, luxury, and high wages are valuable in the eyes of the men who prefer it. But the number of men employed in in-door domestic service is so small as compared to that of the women, that it is scarcely necessary to take them into consideration at all in estimating questions connected with the "servant difficulty."

There is the other side of the question: Whether the abolition of domestic service would not be a gain to the employers. We might let our wives and daughters do the work. So we might; and shame on any lady who would think herself the less a lady for performing the humblest or the foulest of household tasks. But a revolution in our social life would be necessary. It is as easy to make the heroines of a tale become in a moment perfect cooks and housemaids, deft enough, and, what is more, strong enough in the arms for every sort of necessity of their work as it is to make Cinderella in her sudden splendour the most accomplished of princesses, perfect in polite conversation and the minuet; and no doubt, in plain fact, any heartily robust girls could quickly, though it must be gradually, get their muscles into training, and any girls short of idiots could, with brains strengthened by their schoolwork at French exercises and German declensions and so forth, still more quickly arrive at such an intelligent comprehension of ends and means as, with a little practice to help it, would stand them in better stead than the unreasoning routine experience of ordinary servants. But not even the fairy godmother's wand could enable Cinderella to play her two parts at once; and that double career is what bachelor's essays and the romances of the besom and the meat-jack put as a possibility for model young ladies. The lady who is black-leading a grate, or scrubbing the stairs, or dishing up the dinner, cannot, in real life, be in spotless and dainty attire ready on the instant to receive a caller or to take her place, fresh and unflustered, at the dinner-table. Mortal women cannot do cooking and house-work like the Brownies unperceived and in the secret hours of night; they must, unless their ministry is to be mere sham and huggermugger, take to it with absolute simplicity as their recognised and serious business. They must put aside all refinements and etiquettes which are incompatible with it; and they must make other demands on their time give way to it, just as they would have to do if they were engaged in a higher profession, just as servants have to do. Unless they were to have no recreation at all, they would have next to no time for study or the cultivation of accomplishments. And much of the routine and ceremony which guard social intercourse in the upper classes would have to be done away with in consideration of want of leisure for such nice formalities. There might be as much good as harm in some of these consequences, but it is manifest that they would result in a complete change of the social position of women of the employer classes, while in their homes the manner of their employment would put them much more than now away from the society of the men of their families, whose place would continue to be in the drawing rooms, while the women's work would keep them in the kitchens, and the female relatives of educated men would be like a separate class, wholly apart from them in thought and pursuits.

It would, moreover, be necessary, in order to make the employment of ladies as the regular servants in their homes compatible with their joining in the drawing-room life at all, and with their taking still a share in the outside visiting, to alter our habits of life very considerably. It is not merely that homelier ways would have to be adopted, and a certain rough-and-readiness in the arrangements, more especially in the table service which is now made one of the great points of refined housekeeping, be admitted for the saving time and lessening toil, but that the principal meal of the day must be an early one, or how could there be possibility of drawing room toilet and two or three hours' absence from the kitchen in the evening for the cook? and that the times of the customary entertainments must be advanced so as to allow of their breaking up soon enough to let the ladies who have fires to light betimes next morning be in bed at least by midnight. These consequences would, doubtless, have in them more good than harm, and there is no objection to them but that they are out of the question. Without such changes, to make our wives and daughters household servants would be to separate them completely from the lives of the men of their families, excepting as their servants. While admitting, and more than admitting that it would be well that every lady should have a practical knowledge of domestic details, and should be able at need to put her hand to the work herself, it may be said that the method of reforming domestic service by doing away with domestic service is one of which the adoption could not be for the interests of society, of the employers separately considered, or of the servants and the classes they come from separately considered. How far we are likely to be carried without our seeking towards that undesirable but frequently advocated reform is a question not without imminence; and if we are brought near it—but *alors comme alors*.

POETRY.

SESTINA.

" Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello
Gran maestro d'amor." *Petrarch.*

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

" Harsh be my lines," cried Arnaut, " harsh the woe
My lady, that enthorn'd and cruel rose,
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!"
But through the metre spake the voice of Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang;
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic song,
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe,—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose,—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

" Smith of his mother-tongue," the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the labouring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe. and worn thy rose.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

LITERATURE.

THE WELLINGTON DESPATCHES.

Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Vol. VII. John Murray.

The new volume of the *Wellington Despatches* throws little or no new light upon the personality of their illustrious author. The series might extend from seven to seven score; and yet we doubt whether their readers would have a much clearer conception at the end of what Arthur Duke of Wellington was in his own person than they had when they opened the first pages. The Emperor William, according to a common Berlin pleasantry, is said to sleep in full uniform; and, in the same fashion, the Great Duke may be said to have lived, thought, moved as a soldier on duty. Whether that duty is to present arms, to polish a button, or to storm a redoubt, seems to be a matter of indifference. Whatever the task is, it is all in the day's work. Everything that the Duke does, he does with an almost mechanical fidelity. Whether he is engaged in drawing up a scheme for the defence of Belgium from a French invasion; whether he is laying down a Ministerial programme; or whether he is settling the moot question of the precedence of the Gold Stick in Waiting, he is always the same, always giving his whole mind to the subject, and never evincing any preference for one set of work over another. There must, one feels, have been a real man under the cold, impassive exterior presented to the outer world; but this real man hardly ever discloses his existence. Indeed, we note hardly more than one instance throughout this volume where there is any ebulition of personal feeling. During the negotiations which preceded the separation of Greece from Turkey the Powers called upon the Porte to conclude an armistice, on the plea that the piracies of the Greeks, to which the war gave rise, disturbed the commerce of the world. This plea was more than the Hero of Waterloo could bear:—

> In respect to the last reason given, it is one applicable to every war that ever existed or that can ever exist, not only between sovereign and revolted subject, but between any two nations whatever.
>
> What was the French nation doing, what were we doing from the year 1792 till the year 1814, but carrying on war, whose operations pervaded the whole world? Yet I should have wished to hear the Philippic upon that Power which in 1806, in 1807, or 1808 or 1809, would have come forward with tame canting phrases about humanity and the shedding of blood, and should have told us that we must agree upon an immediate armistice, as being a preliminary condition indispensable to the opening of any negotiation; of which negotiation such Power was to dictate the terms and the conclusion to us.

The very qualities, however, which render the Duke's correspondence remarkable as State papers deprive them of all personal interest. The incidents of the two years over which this volume extends might have been expected to give rise to some manifestation of individual sympathy or resentment. Between April, 1830, and October, 1831, the dates of the first and last despatches, George IV. died, and William IV. came to the throne, the Duke lost his wife, and had to resign office, and yet his letters scarcely afford any indication as to how he was personally affected by these events. Now that the party passions of the Reform period have died away, any impartial perusal of the Wellington Despatches cannot fail to convey an impression that the Duke had but scanty justice done him by the popular party of the day. Even the staunchest of reformers cannot but admit his singleness of purpose, his genuine desire to do his duty, his indifference to personal considerations, his sincere if narrow patriotism. On the other hand, it is very difficult after reading the Despatches to retain the belief that the Duke was a man of any extraordinary mental foresight. It is not only that, read by the light of subsequent experience, his vaticinations as to the results of the Reform Bill seem absurd, but that they are feeble and inconsequential in themselves. Here, for instance, in a private letter to his relative, Lord Cowley, which is more confidential than most of his correspondence, is one out of many of the estimates formed by the Duke as to the probable consequences of Reform:—

> It is not denied that the object of the bill is to overturn every existing interest and influence in the country, and to establish something else instead, of the working of which we may judge, not alone by what we see in France and other countries, but by what we see in those places in this country in which the system now to be generally established throughout the country has long existed, such as Westminster, Southwark, Preston, &c. The King's ministers in the House of Lords have never been able to state by what influence they expected to carry on the King's business in Parliament, in the reformed Parliament; and I don't believe that there is a man in England who does not think that this Reform must lead to the total extinction of the power and of the property of this country. Some, that is to say nine-tenths of all the proprietors whether of real or personal property, the members of the learned professions, the ecclesiastical, political, commercial, and banking establishments, look with apprehension and dread at the consequences. Others, that is to say the mob, the Radicals, the Dissenters from the Church of all religious persuasions, hail the measure as the commencement of a new era of destruction and plunder. The ministers and their adherents in both Houses of Parliament alone deny its consequences. But they do so only in public discussion. In private many of those who vote and will vote for the measure lament its consequences; some even I know who are members of the Cabinet. You will say that it is extraordinary that such a measure should be carried under such circumstances. Carried I hope it will not be. I think that the House of Lords will be true to itself, and will enable us yet to save the country.
>
> I conclude that you read the newspapers, and I will advert only generally to the arguments on this question. Nobody denies the existence of the anomalies and abuses in the details of the existing system of representation, and everybody admits that Parliament, as now constituted, has deserved well of the country, and that we have here a government which has made us the richest and most powerful state in Europe, has enabled us to overcome the greatest difficulties that any country ever had to encounter, and, if men could know when they were happy, has made us the happiest people on earth.

At the same time, whenever the Duke passes from abstract speculations to their practical application, he evinces an odd sort of shrewdness. During the early stages of the Reform Bill controversy William IV. was its ardent champion, and was in consequence the object of the bitter animosity of the Tory party. But any exhibition of this animosity the Duke, strongly though he felt on the subject, refused to countenance. His main objection to the Reform Bill was that in his judgment it tended inevitably to reduce and impair the authority of the Crown. For this reason he would not be a party to any opposition to the Bill, which might have the character of a censure on the conduct of the King. After the dissolution of Parliament in the spring of 1831 there was talk of holding a mass meeting of the Peers to protest against the Reform Bill. But the scheme was knocked on the head by the Duke's refusal to sanction such a demonstration. It is in these terms he writes to Lord Wharncliffe on the subject:—

> I received your note last night. I had likewise occasion to talk to some persons respecting a meeting of the Peers.
>
> We have been dissolved by the King as a House of Parliament. Our character of Peers continues; and we shall meet in that character without his authority, and contrary to his inclinations, to discuss his last act in relation to ourselves.
>
> This will not look or sound well: I think will do us more harm in the eyes of the public than good can be done by the meeting, in exposing the conduct of the King's servants, the breach of the privileges of the House of Lords and of law, and its mischievous consequences upon the public interests.
>
> In my opinion the House of Lords is the only place in which, as Peers, we ought to discuss such subjects. We are there the conservators of the Constitution; and we can there act with the freedom which is the attribute of Members of Parliament.
>
> Out of doors we are no more than others of His Majesty's subjects, excepting that we possess the privilege of being exempt from arrest; and we have titles of honour and rank, and precedence in society. But these very privileges, and the peculiar duties of the House of Lords, ought to induce us, out of doors, to be the example of loyalty to the King, and of submission to the laws and to authority; and we should take care to avoid the appearance even of acting upon a contrary principle. If this ought to be our course in ordinary circumstances, it ought to be so particularly in the critical times which are approaching.

So, too, there is considerable force in the arguments by which the Duke disputes the theory that resistance to the Bill was likely to lead to a popular revolution. He dwells on the fact that no revolution has ever succeeded in England which has not been led by the Parliament, and points out that the leaders of the Reform agitation—the Greys, Russells, and Althorps—had no such idea of going beyond Parliamentary methods in support of the measure. Brougham was the only one of the Reform leaders from whom the Duke seems to have apprehended action of a revolutionary character. As a proof how bitterly Lord Brougham resented his elevation to the peerage, the following letter from the Chancellor to Dr. Knight, which is given in the Correspondence, is worth quoting:—

> For myself personally I care not. I mean to make an attempt to get rid of my peerage the moment I quit the Great Seal. I pant to be back to the House of Commons. But be that successful, or be it not, at all events I have my former weight in the country, which, rely upon it, has not been lessened by my judicial or my official conduct. I shall keep it up, I shall extend it by all justifiable means, and if personal considerations had any influence over my mind (which they really have not in such great concerns),

I protest to you, as an old and valued friend, that no situation would better suit my taste and habits, and time of life (I am sorry to say, becoming autumnal), than to enjoy what for twenty years I have been panting for, namely, my entire liberty, and the uncontrolled power of doing as I like in letters, in science (my first love), and in whatever most interests me in politics. Woe to the hapless wights who should form a *bad* or a *weak* government on the ruins of the present! Here are some of your friends, I believe, blind enough to think any man they choose to put on the King and the aristocracy may be Chancellor. He would have a pleasant place of it, and I should have a very pleasant and amusing occupation out of place. But, seriously, it is too grave a matter to let me think for a moment of gratifying my personal tastes and wishes when I firmly believe a strong government is absolutely necessary to save the country.

* * * * *

All this shows how much I was ever for a strong and efficient government. *Dis aliter visum.* Some men are so constituted that they cannot master their little personal repugnances, and prefer all *risks* for themselves and their country. Of such men we have some on all sides. They may be very wise and very honest men, I only say I am not of that school. I look to try what can save the country; and, therefore, while I have no exclusive feelings, I shall heartily prefer the burthens and one thousand discomforts of my present position, to seeing the government broken up—and feeling myself restored to my liberty and to that great weight—real, influential, and very *substantial* power in Parliament and the country which I lost when I took the *shadow* of office.

But the main interest of this volume, as of its predecessors, turns upon foreign affairs. In all the questions which agitated the Continent in the quarter of a century succeeding Waterloo, the great Duke could speak with authority as one entitled to say of the Courts of the time, *Quorum pars magna fui.* His policy was simple enough. To uphold the settlement laid down by the Treaties of Vienna, to preserve peace on the Continent, and to support the cause of established Government throughout the world against revolutionary violence, constituted the beginning and the end of his ideas of statesmanship. Yet he never lost sight of the truth that decent government is a necessary condition of any stable rule, and his personal preferences seem to have been in favour of constitutional as opposed to despotic institutions, abroad as well as at home.

The eighteen months covered by the volume before us proved an eventful period. The expedition to Algiers, the revolution of July, the separation of Belgium and Holland, the downfall of Don Miguel's Government in Portugal, the virtual establishment of Greece as an independent kingdom, and the expulsion of the mad Duke of Brunswick from his duchy all took place within this period; and on all these events the Wellington Correspondence gives a good deal of new information. For us at the present day the letters bearing on the Eastern Question have an especial interest. The Duke himself, we need hardly say, was a staunch advocate of the necessity of upholding the Ottoman Empire. It is thus that in a memorandum drawn up with reference to the Protocol recommending an armistice between Greece and Turkey, the then Prime Minister expresses his views as to the permanent principles of English policy:—

The policy of the British Government has invariably been to prevent the overthrow of the Turkish Power in Europe, and the substitution for it of a Russian Power or a Power under Russian influence at Constantinople. This policy has prevailed down to a very late period indeed; and has occasioned at different periods the exercise of the influence, and at some, of the Power of the Government, to reconcile the Emperor of Russia with the Porte; and in some instances, as in the years 1811, 1812, this influence was exercised in a very beneficial manner, even to the Emperor of Russia, to make peace between those two Powers.

It must here be observed that the interest which the British Government feel in the maintenance of the Turkish Power in Europe is common to the rest of the world, Russia excepted. Neither France, nor Spain, nor Portugal, nor the Netherlands, nor Austria, nor even Prussia could see without alarm the establishment at Constantinople of a Russian Power, or one under Russian influence; and in this as well as in many other respects our well understood interests are consistent with those of the rest of the world.

It is some satisfaction to find that the chief cause of the Duke's objecting to the separation of Greece from Turkey was a belief that an independent Hellas would be a mere outpost of Russia. In fact, the Duke entertained exactly the same fears about Greece in 1830 as are entertained half a century later by our modern philo-Turks with regard to the creation of an independent Bulgaria. It is, however, only fair to add that the Duke of Wellington was by no means a lover of Turkey. His personal sympathies were with the Emperor of Russia, whom he looked upon as the protector of order throughout the Continent, and for whom he seems to have had a genuine regard. Not even the most ardent of our philo-Russians of to-day could go beyond the Duke in the indifference with which he regarded the desperate efforts of the Poles to shake off the yoke of Russia. At the time when the Poles were still holding their ground the Duke writes as follows to the Princess Lieven, a Russian lady, who occupied much the same position in London in 1830 as Madam de Novikoff has done till recently:—

Je serai bienheureux d'avoir le plaisir de dîner avec vous vendredi 18.

Je n'ai pas changé d'avis sur l'expédition du Maréchal Diebitch; les circonstances politiques ont dû la hâter. Je crains pourtant que son armée n'en souffrira terriblement. Il est vrai que les affaires en Europe ont changé en mieux et que l'armée russe n'y sera pas si nécessaire qu'elle paroissoit le devenir. Il est probable aussi que les opérations du Maréchal Diebitch n'y ayent pas peu contribué.

Quant à ce qui regarde la position actuelle du Maréchal, sur laquelle on entend poussés tant de cris par le public, je crois que je la comprends parfaitement. Il y a une rivière devant lui qu'il n'est pas facile de passer, même avec une armée, sans obstruction militaire. Mais, de ce que j'avois lu dans les gazettes, il me paroissoit que la Maréchal s'attendoit à des difficultés militaires, et qu'il travailloit pour se mettre en état de passer malgré ces difficultés. Ce sont là pourtant des choses que l'on ne comprend pas dans ce pays-ci. On voit que le Maréchal Diebitch doit passer la Vistule en courrier! et arranger le gouvernement polonais aussi vite que l'on va détruire le gouvernement britannique.

Of all the documents, however, contained in this volume, the most curious at the present moment is one relating to the Expedition to Algiers. History seems to repeat itself, as we read the narrative of the now long forgotten controversy as to the form under which the Government of France should explain the precise objects it had in view in making war on the Dey of Algiers. The French disavowed all intention of territorial aggrandisement, but represented that they were obliged to resort to force in behalf of civilisation and humanity. Valid assurances to this effect had been given by the Prince de Polignac to the different Continental Courts, who expressed themselves satisfied with the explanation. But our Government insisted that the assurances should be given in writing. France demurred to this request, on the ground that to give any written pledge in addition to her verbal guarantee was injurious to her dignity. Upon this point there was a brisk exchange of communications which, at one time, seemed likely to eventuate in war. It is thus that the position of England is defined by the Duke in the mention of a conversation on the subject between himself and the French Ambassador:—

The Duke added that there was no minister who could venture to recommend the King to accept that despatch as an explanation of the views of the French government in this expedition.

The ambassador said,—Why not? They have been accepted by all Europe! Why should we not be trusted by you as well as by others?

The Duke answered, other Powers might not have the same interest in the preservation of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean as his Majesty had. But of that at all events they must judge themselves. We had as much confidence in the truth and honour of his Most Christian Majesty, the Prince Polignac, and of his Excellency the ambassador, as others had. But the Duke and Lord Aberdeen, sitting in that room, and transacting the business of the King their master, were bound to place confidence in no man; and to consider no statement as secure which was not given clearly in writing in the usual manner. The Duke said that the King of England's ministers were obliged to report to the King what passed. How could they report it if they had it not in writing? They were, besides, answerable to Parliament for what passed. They could not be answerable they had not in writing that for which they were responsible.

The ministers of other Powers were not in a similar situation. Even if not satisfied with the detail of an explanation given in writing, they might feel themselves authorised in placing reliance either upon the honourable character of the King, or of his minister, or of his ambassador, or in their verbal explanation of what was deficient in the written document. But the English ministers were not in this situation. They must be able to produce the whole document, and must rest their reports to their sovereign and to the public upon official documents alone.

However, the good sense of the Duke soon convinced him that the question at issue was one it was not worth our while to fight about; and he recommends a virtual withdrawal of our demand for written explanations in a remarkable memorandum, of which the following is the most striking passage:—

We have demanded from the French government in an official despatch, of which they have a copy by our orders, an *official* explanation of their ulterior views in the expedition to Algiers.

The Secretary of State has declared in Parliament that the French government had manifested every disposition to give such explanations as his Majesty's government had a right to require.

The French government have not given an explanation in writing or *officially* with which this government can be satisfied. In answer to all our verbal remonstrances upon the subject they decline to give such explanations *officially*. In the first *official* paper received upon the subject of their future intentions they state their purpose to be guided eventually by the opinion of their Allies. In the last, which is likewise circular, they invite all Powers to state through their ambassadors at Paris their views respecting the future disposal of Algiers and its territory in case the expedition

should be successful. It is now necessary that the Cabinet should consider what course shall be taken in the existing state of this affair.

The first notion of the Cabinet when the demand was made of an official explanation was, that if that explanation should not be satisfactory, the French expedition should be prevented. It is quite obvious that that intention cannot be carried into execution.

It is necessary however that the government should look at the whole question, and should now decide upon the course which it will take. It is the more important to do so, because to say the least of the conduct of the French government it has not been consistent with its professions of a friendly disposition towards this country, nnr even with that diplomatic courtesy usual in the intercourse between two governments standing in the relations towards each other in which we stand at the present moment.

We have besides required to be satisfied, and we have stated to Parliament that the French government had manifested a disposition to satisfy us. We must state our case therefore in such moderate terml as may not conciliate to our views those other Powers of Europe to whom our statement may be communicated.

We may found it upon the desire of the French government to receive our opinion. at the same time informing them that, in the absence of information regarding the French King's ulterior designs in this expedition, it would have been absolutely necessary for us to give us our opinion upon any change of possession in the Mediterranean calculated to alter the relations towards each other, in which the Powers of Europe were left by the peace.

There may possibly be a difference of opinion whether the possession by France of Algiers and its territory is important to the interests of this country in the Mediterranean,

This is a question which we may dilcuss in our note to France, or we may omit it if we think proper.

This is certain, however. France is invading the dominion of the Grand Seignior. The vassal of the Porte will be deprived of his government, and France will not declare that she does not propose to establish in the place of the existing Algerine government a system exclusively French. Admitting that the cause of war is justifiable, and that the terms of peace upon submission are equally so, it is not desirable that a system of aggrandisement and of conquest at the expense of a third Power, the Ottoman Porte, should be founded upon the complainst, however well founded, of the French government against the Dey of Algiers.

Here, as elsewhere, we find that the practice of the Duke was wiser than his theory; and we could wish that those who cite the authority of our great general in favour of the imperative necessity of upholding the power of Turkey in Europe, would note also how ready he was to subordinate this necessity to the logic of facts.

WAKE'S EVOLUTION OF MORALITY.

The Evolution of Morality. Being a History of the Development of Moral Culture. By C. Staniland Wake, author of 'Chapters on Man,' &c. Two Vols. London: Trübner and Co.

Mr. Sidgwick has in more than one place argued that the doctrine of evolution throws but little light on strictly ethical problems. Mr. Wake, who appears not to have read Mr. Sidgwick's writings, practically allows that the question of the standard of ethics cannot be determined by a mere knowledge of the way in which our moral sentiments and ideas have been evolved. On the other hand, he argues with force that the other great ethical problem, the nature of the feeling of obligation, cannot be understood except by help of this knowledge of man's moral development. It is true that he disagrees with Mr. Darwin with respect to the ethical importance of the question of man's origin. "If he were derived, by 'the operation of natural selection,' from a lower animal form, his faculties, moral and intellectual, must have reached a certain stage of progress at that particular point at which he could be described as human." The history, however, of the subsequent *human* development is, Mr. Wake tells us, all-important, as throwing light on the idea of right or obligation, an idea which he conceives to be left unexplained by all previous ethical doctrines.

Mr. Wake introduces his account of the development of our moral ideas by a somewhat lengthy criticism of 'Modern theories of Morals.' He first of all reviews the "Intuitive School," including Cudworth and Clarke, Adam Smith, Butler, &c., and then passss to the "Inductive School,' to which head he refers Messrs. Bain, Spencer, and Darwin. Some of the author's remarks are sensible and pertinent, though, on the whole, he can hardly be said to display the highest kind of critical ability. He accepts both of the elements accentuated by various writers of the Intuitive School, namely, an instinctive moral sentiment and an intellectual intuition of right. On the other hand, he so far identifies himself with the Inductive School as to seek to account for the genesis of the moral sense out of simpler modes of feeling. He is by no means satisfied with what has been already done in this direction. Mr. Bain, by "severing all connection" between conscience on the one side and self-interest and sympathy on the other"—(does Mr. Bain do this?)—"really removes the very foundation of morality." He further objects to Mr. Spencer's theory of the moral sense as the result of an organisation of experiences of utility, that "it does not allow for the element of right which is essential to the moral sentiment." That is to say, Mr. Wake is of opinion that the utmost which could result from experience, according to the utilitarian hypothesis, would be "the formation of a judgment of expediency." Again, Mr. Darwin fails no less than his predecessors in accounting for the genesis of the idea of right or obligation which is essential to the moral sense. The social instincts may do much in man's development, but they cannot supply this particular idea.

What, then, is Mr. Wake's own theory? He sets out with the proposition that our moral sentiment arises out of an instinct to do certain actions, which instinct supplies a basis at once for the peculiar feeling of obligation and for the perception of certain actions as right and wrong. When we act morally, we do consciously and with reflection what our first human ancestors did unconsciously or instinctively. The instincts underlying conscience are two. Of these the first and principal is the impulse of self-preservation as manifested in the feeling of property or sense of right "which leads not only man but animals to defend what they have acquired or possess," more particularly food. This instinct of property, founded on that of self-preservation, being constant and universal, "it is difficult to see how the conclusion can be escaped that this sense of right is the most essential element in those phenomena which accompany the action of the moral faculty in its rudimentary form among primitive peoples." This instinct of property does not, however, involve any definite idea of right. In order to the genesis of this notion, the instinct of right must be first interfered with. This would give the negative phase of the idea, viz., "the notion of not-right or wrong." The rest of the process we do not venture to describe in any but the author's own words:—

> When once the idea of wrong was entertained there would be a link to connect the right of self with that of others. Hitherto there was no ground for believing it wrong to appropriate the property of another; as, by the requirements of the selfish nature of primitive man, the only right he could recognise was personal. When, however, this appropriation aroused in the minds of others a sense of wrong leading to retribution, which in its turn formed the same idea in the mind of the original offender, it is clear that there would not be much difficulty in transferring the correlative idea of right from self to others. Sooner or later the inference would be sure to be made that, if it is wrong for others to interfere with the property of self, it must be wrong to interfere with that of others, and therefore that others have rights analagous to those which self possesses.—(I., p. 298.)

If it be argued, against this doctrine, that with primitive man rights of property are tribal and not personal, Mr. Wake replies that this is inconsistent with the universal practice among uncultured peoples of private revenge for crimes, including not only violence and theft, but also adultery.

Even the idea of right which is thus formed is not, strictly speaking, a "moral" idea. It becomes so only through the addition of a new element, viz., the fear of retribution, which Mr. Wake conceives (after Mr. Spencer) as a dread of the unforseeable and inevitable vengeance of the departed dead or of spirits. This form of terror supplies the germ of conscience. "The savage who fears the anger of a spirit, on whom he cannot retaliate, if he performs or does not perform a certain act, feels it a *duty* to do what the spirit is thought to require" (I., p. 319). Elsewhere he says (I., p. 336): "The notion of duty arises from the action of that dread on the sense of wrong." Mr. Wake is not, however, very clear as to the distinction between the idea of right and that of duty. On pages 319, 320, he seems to contradict himself by saying that the latter idea is and is not derived from the sense of right (compare the last sentence on page 443). Later on (page 331) he tells us that even fear of retribution from the denizens of the spirit-world gives no notion of morality, but that this involves "the fear of retribution for acts of mere social propriety." He here argues as if the voice of primitive society (the clan or tribe) were esssential to this idea of moral wrong, though this part of the argument is marked by more than the writer's ordinary degree of obscurity. He then goes on to trace the development of the

moral idea (right and wrong) which is effected by the gradual consolidation of family groups into tribes, together with a transmission of the retributive function from the individual or the clan to the tribe, which process would be greatly assisted by growing powers of reflection.

Thus far Mr. Wake has been occupied in accounting for the idea of duty as distinguished from that of virtue, or, as he chooses to word it, of the "passive" as contrasted with the "active virtues." He now proceeds to explain the genesis of the benevolent impulses, or, as it is now the fashion to speak, the altruistic sentiment. Mr. Wake does not (as the best psychologists do) distinguish between sympathy and tender emotion; and he argues against Mr. Darwin that a mother gazing on her sleeping infant is "in sympathy with it." He appears to regard the social affections as particular phases of sympathy. Sympathy or altruistic sentiment is moreover said to be intuitive, and not dependent on a representation of past personal experiences. When traced far enough back, it is seen to be as much an instinct as the sense of property, along with which it forms the second great root of morality. Its simplest and earliest development is the maternal instinct, which again is related to this sexual impulse. Mr. Wake's theory of benevolence is not very different from that sketched by Mr. Spencer, and elaborated by Mr. Fiske in his interesting work, 'Cosmic Philosophy.' He adds that virtuous (beneficent) actions are followed as right only when a religious sanction is superinduced, as, for example, in the moral system of Buddhism.

On this whole theory of moral development, so far as it is intelligible, one or two remarks may be made. Mr. Wake has, we think, done good service in shewing the inadequateness of that theory of the genesis of conscience which refers it exclusively to the social affections. The sense of right and wrong includes more than any possible feeling of gratified or wounded affection or sympathy, and Mr. Wake has very nearly given the clue to the missing factor. In the instinct of self-preservation we may, no doubt, find the root of one essential feature of morality, viz., the impulse to punish which enters (positively or negatively) into all our judgments of right and wrong. This is clearly enough recognised both by Mr. Bain and by J. S. Mill, though Mr. Wake may be congratulated on having given special prominence to this element of conscience. But beyond this point his theory seems to us confused and inadequate. Thus he never defines what he means by the original sense of *right* as the instinct of property, nor does he think it worth while to shew how the impulses of self-preservation could generate any feeling analagous to the sense of a right, and much of his reasoning appears thoroughly paradoxical by speaking of a distinctly anti-social impulse as the spring of moral ideas. Further, Mr. Wake clearly proceeds in an arbitary way when he selects the feeling attaching to possession (whether food or wife, &c.) as the starting-point in moral development. The instinct of self-defence as manifested in combat and bodily resistance to violence is as much a part of this original instinct of self-preservation as the impulse to hold acquired possession, and Mr. Wake only confuses the subject when he seeks to force this impulse under the head of instinct of property by speaking of it as an impulse to retain the "possession" of life and bodily integrity. We should decidedly object to his version of the primitive man's mental procedure when reasoning from personal rights to those of others, as though he were consciously reasoning on the basis of Mr. Sidgwick's first postulate. As we have seen, Mr. Wake is very undecided in his account of the distinction between strictly moral ideas and those which he supposes to precede them. It might be worth while to consider whether anything answering to the idea of right can exist prior to an experience of external retribution. Mr. Wake reasons as if man first acquired a vague feeling of right and wrong through experiences of interference with his "rights," and afterwards reached a more definite notion by means of experiences of his own interference with others' rights. But, in truth, the two experiences go on *pari passu*; or, if we take the development of the individual as our guide, the latter actually precedes the former. The first crude sense of wrong in a child's mind arises, as our best English psychologists have well shewn, through an experience of parental retribution. The element of dread is thus the starting-point in moral development. Then comes the idea of right as that which is not visited by punishment. At the same time the powerful instinct of self-preservation prompts the child to a course of retaliation when injuries are inflicted beyond the point of retribution, and so the individual comes to form the idea of its "rights." The ideas of right and wrong only become clear and definite when each of these feelings, dread and the impulse of retribution, but more especially the latter, are "moralised" by a process of sympathetic extension to others, so that we are able to judge of what is right and wrong for another as well as for ourselves. It is odd that Mr. Wake pays no attention to the course of moral development in the individual as illustrating its order in the race. If he had done so he would hardly have said that the idea of duty is dependent on the particular form of dread inspired by the thought of a retribution from the dead. There is, no doubt, something vague and profound in this *quasi* religious feeling, which colours perhaps even our modern ideas of right and wrong. At the same time, it is worth considering that the simplest known forms of social life supply the conditions of a vague dread of retribution from the *living*, namely, during those early years of subordination to elders in which the foundations of moral development are laid.

We have dwelt on Mr. Wake's general scheme of moral development, although this occupies but a small part of his two volumes. Of the filling up of his scheme we cannot speak very highly. His work contains a vast assemblage of facts drawn from books of travel and treatises on primitive culture. Yet these are ill-arranged, and it is exceedingly difficult to follow the general argument through the lengthy chapters of illustrations. In addition to this it must be said that Mr. Wake has not confined himself to his special subject, but has rather given a sketch of the development of culture as a whole The second volume consists of an account of the special developments of the higher morality which has reached the altruistic stage. He divides mental progress into five stages, the selfish (Australians), the wilful (American Indians), the emotional (Africans), and the empirical (Turanian). There is a curious chapter on the Doctrine of Emanations, and there are interesting sketches of the moral systems of Buddhism, Christianity, and *(mirabile dictu)* Positivism. Mr. Wake finally rejects the latter (of which he has many good things to say) on the ground that it subordinates the individual too much to the race. In this respect our author appears to be far removed from the point of view of most modern evolutionists. In his final chapter on Religion and Morality, he suggests a doctrine of evolution which, though professing to be theistic, does not greatly differ from familiar pantheistic conceptions. Mr. Wake's work not only suffers from ill-arrangement, it is marred by great obscurity of style. He would do well to begin another treatise by defining his terms. What, for example, can be made of this sentence on the first page of the second volume:—"A certain line of conduct is proper, not because it is dictated by duty, but because it is right, although being so, it is obligatory?" The author's failing with respect to precision in the use of terms has been fully illustrated in the quotations given, more particularly in the use of the words right and wrong, to the double sense of which he nowhere calls attention.

TRAVELS, POLITICS, AND PRIMITIVE CULTURE.

Modern India and the Indians. Being a series of Impressions, Notes, and Essays. By Monier Williams, D.C.L. London: Trübner and Co.

The first feeling aroused in the mind of many a reader of this volume will be one of considerable astonishment, and the next one of equally great delight. Mr. Williams's "Indian Wisdom," for instance, is not exactly the kind of production that one would call lively. His name has usually been associated with a species of arid learning that dries up one's youthful enthusiasm as the tropical sands the refreshing rains. But after this freshest of books, let no man call the Professor dry, or refuse to believe that there may be something in the idea of silent Miltons. It goes to show how in the inner man all sorts of fine qualities may lie dormant—unsuspected of their owner as well as of the world at large

—until the spark of chance kindles them into life. The spark in this case was a trip to the wonderland of India, of which, like his fellow-labourer, Max Müller, he had been dreaming all his life. Not even the youngest and most impressionable of his pupils could have entered into the pleasures of the Eastern holiday with an appetite keener than the Professor's. And one of the results is a little volume which proves that after all there are some Englishmen who know how to travel. Most English tourists would as soon think of kissing their wives in public as of giving unrestrained vent to every feeling aroused in them by things strange and beautiful; but there is not a trace of that shyness in Mr. Monier Williams. Old Indians may smile at the Professor's boyish delight over the experiences of his first day in the country; but even they must be dull dogs indeed if they can resist the infection of his enthusiasm. Here, there, and everywhere, with eyes and ears for everything, is our holiday-maker's watchword, which he seems to have religiously observed on board ship as well as on shore. From the stoke-hole to the post-office, nothing came amiss to him. Here is an address over which the Professor made merry with the post officials on board:—

J. Fayden
Sapper
Engear
Bromeday.

The letter had been sent to all the Bromleys in England, but without avail; for its search after Engear and Bromeday, it rivalled the wanderings of Ulysses. At last some ingenious person guessed that Engear meant India, and the other word Bombay. "Engear" reveals the birthplace of the unlucky epistle. But had the sorters and the Professor no bowels of compassion—no thought for the love-born maiden of Limehouse or Wapping, who bewailed her fickle sapper; or for Mr. Fayden, who perchance made bitter criticisms on the frailty of the sea, whilst the missive was being handed round for the amusement of strangers? Mr. Williams made another ship-board discovery, which very few Anglo-Indians, we imagine, ever made before him. They may, indeed, have found out that a Mahomedan sailor on board a P. and O. sometimes eats pork as if he were a Christian; but the sailor's mode of reconciling the act with his orthodoxy would have eluded every one except a ship's officer or an inquisitive tourist like our author. He ties the meat to a string, throws it overboard, lets it drag in the sea for an hour or two, after which, and with a solemn air as if he were performing a religious ceremony, he hauls in his pork, pronouncing the formula, *jao soor, idhar ao muchlee*—be off pig, come along fish.

The same spirit of keen and intelligent observation which pervades the purely descriptive part of the book is equally apparent in the passages relating to Indian and pro-European politics. Among these the remarks on Egypt and the Suez Canal (p. 19) have a special interest now, when, for the first time in its history, the army of India is about to contribute a contingent for service on this side of Alexandria. One of several reasonable suggestions that have been made for a solution of the Turkish difficulty might, with a change of names, fairly stand for Professor Monier Williams's plan for the proper government of Egypt.

> We have a whole band of Indian civilians—men like Sir George Campbell, Mr. Seton-Karr, and Mr. Cust—who have served their time in India and yet have plenty of energy left, which they are ready to devote to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Let them consent to aid the Khedive, and simply do in Egypt the work they have done in India as commissioners, collectors, judges, magistrates, members of council, and lieutenant-governors. The province adjacent to the Indus, commonly called Sinde, has been significantly styled "Young Egypt." Old Egypt and "Young Egypt" have certainly much community of character and many points of resemblance. Those who have made "Young Egypt" prosperous under a strong, righteous, and energetic administration are quite competent to raise old Egypt out of the depths of misgovernment into which she is fast sinking, and convert her from a poverty-stricken into a rich and thriving country. I submit that this would be a satisfactory solution of the Eastern Question, so far, at least, as England is concerned.

That Egypt is abominably misgoverned is certain, that her much-enduring people would speedily become happy and prosperous under the guidance of a few representatives of that unique service is equally so, that the experiment may have to be tried some day is sufficiently probable. Who knows but that the Indian contingent may only be the beginning of the end, and that, like the first Napoleon, our Punjabi officers may soon become conscious of the forty centuries gazing down upon them from the Pyramids? Perhaps the Egyptian susceptibility to new ideas may be illustrated by Professor Williams's account of the donkey boys, who pestered him with offers of a ride, and thus eulogised the merits of their animals: "Dis de Claimant, sar; try de Claimant, sar;" "dis Sir Roger, sar;" "dis very superior donkey, sar;" "dis Kenealy, sar;" "dis make loud bray, sar."

Professor Williams is, however, much more concerned with Indian religions and customs than with political questions, and he has turned his journey to excellent account in the elucidation of the former. We feel bound to say that neither in the collections by Mr. Herbert Spencer, nor by Mr. Tylor, are there to be found more striking illustrations of "primitive" ideas on ancestor-worship and the nature of gods than are furnished in this volume. If it is possible for anyone now-a-days to doubt that the primitive notion of a dead man is simply that of an invisible living man, or that gods only meant ghosts or dead ancestors, let him study the practice as pursued in India at this very hour, and as described by Professor Monier Williams. Our author, apparently, has not made Primitive Culture a study; if he had, he would probably have discussed his most interesting discoveries in the light of the conclusions arrived at by the leading authorities in that department of research. Passing over his description of what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls the custom of "giving refreshments to the dead," we quote the following on the nature of ghosts:—

> When a man dies his *sthûla-sarîra* or "gross body" is burned, but his soul quits it with the *linga-sarîra* or "subtile body," sometimes described as *angushtha-mâtra*, "of the size of a thumb," and remains hovering near. The deceased man, thus reduced to the condition of a simple individual soul invested with a subtile body, is called a preta, i.e. a departed spirit or ghost. He has no real body capable of enjoying or suffering anything, and is consequently in a restless, unsatisfactory and uncomfortable plight. Moreover, while in this condition he is held to be an impure being. Furthermore, if he dies away from his kindred, who alone can perform the funeral ceremonies, and who are perhaps unaware of his death, and unable therefore to perform them, he becomes a pisacha, or foul wandering ghost, disposed to take revenge for its misery upon all living creatures by a variety of malignant acts.

But now-a-days there is much less chance than formerly of a ghost having to wander long without its wants being attended to; for, as a Pundit remarked to our author, news travels quickly with the help of the English railways and telegraphs! This was said in all seriousness; and in the mental sphere it is as curious an instance of modification and self-adjustment as any that Mr. Darwin has cited in the material sphere. Thus, continued the Pundit, ghosts are fewer now than in other days. Still, true, they do go about, and manifest their presence in unpleasant ways, as when our tourist's carriage was nearly pitched over a precipice somewhere in the Western Ghâts. An angry ghost haunted the spot, said the natives. And similarly, when an African capsizes in his canoe, or stumbles into the fire, he will declare that some one of the family ghosts is having his revenge for some neglect—a plate of rice, a quid of tobacco, or a dish of milk long overdue. But to return to the description of the funeral rites, which are continued for ten days, for the purpose of furnishing the *preta* with an "intermediate body" to enable it to pass through purgatory to other births and final absorption into the Supreme:—

> On the first day after death a pinda or "round ball" (generally of some kind of flour) is offered, on which the preta is supposed to feed, and which endows it with the rudiment or basis of the requisite body, whatever this basis may be. Next day another pinda is offered, which gives it, perhaps, limbs, such as arms and legs. Then it receives hands, feet, &c. This goes on for ten days, and the offering of the pinda on the tenth day gives the head. No sooner does the preta obtain a complete body than it becomes a pitri, when, instead of being regarded as impure, it is held to be a *deva*, or "deity," and practically worshipped as such in the Sraddha ceremonies.

The last words explain the genesis of the three hundred million gods of the Hindoos. The death of every Hindoo is the birth of a *deva;* and the leading man of the village may some day be reverenced as its patron deity, or dreaded as its malignant genius. This manufacture of gods may be studied in any village by any Anglo-Indian with a turn for the subject; but very few Anglo-Indians ever think of it even; and Mr. Williams has learned more about native religious ideas than most of them have acquired in a life-time. But our

author has not completed the sketch of the process of god-making, the last stage in which is the naming of the ghost-god by some epithet of Vishna or Siva, after which he comes to be regarded as an "avatar," or incarnation of either of these deities. But, naturally, this absorption of the ghost into the avatar does not take place until after several generations. Scientific historians, as distinguished from theologians, will discover a "sociological" connection, so to speak, between the vicarious human sacrifices of the Khonds and the chief mystery of dogmatic Christianity. "*We have bought you with a price;* no sin rests upon us," the Khonds said, when they slew their human victim in a sacrifice to the wrathful deity. "The custom was," says Mr. Williams (p. 41) "that the vicarious sufferer *must* be bought with a price." Compare this with the pre-Spanish custom observed in Mexico, according to which the priests literally ate of the flesh and drank of the blood of the human propitiatory offering to Heaven. The Mexican "wafer," to borrow Roman Catholic terminology, was a cake of the man's blood. This, of course, need not shock one's religious susceptibilities. For, if history may be written from a Christian view-point, so as to show that the above story of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome had sole reference to the tragedy on Calvary, why may not primitive custom have providentially foreshadowed the great mystery of the Christian faith? The sociologists are not a whit more dangerous than the geologist who fancied they had demolished Genesis. What Professor Williams's private notions on the point may be we do not know: he merely italicizes his statement of these coincidences as if they had rather startled him. It is clear, though, that in his remarks on the Christianizing of India, he forgets to draw the distinction between the Christian "religion" and "Christian" civilization. It would take a millennium to get the mass of Hindoos and aboriginals out of the "primitive" stage. One may guess from the following story what might be the irony of their revenge upon a *padre* (missionary) who would overdoze them with theology while in the flesh. It was the story of an Englishman who made himself the life long terror of the district in which he lived. He died, was buried there, and to mollify his ghost, the natives regularly offered brandy and cigars on the *sahib's* tomb!

RECORDS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON.

Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author. By Edward John Trelawny. Two Vols. London: B. M. Pickering.

When Mr. Trelawny issued the first edition of these records twenty years ago, he apologised for the roughness and want of connection in the narrative, saying that it was a rough draft which he had written as the incidents occurred to him, and which he had intended to recast at his ease. Mr. Trelawny's readers have reason to be grateful to the "idleness or want of dexterity" which he pleaded as his excuse for not carrying out his intention, and we are glad to see that it still remains unfulfilled. The discursive form of his first volume increased rather than lessened its charm, giving the reader, as it did, a satisfactory sense of being in contact with original documents and first-hand testimony, which one would not have felt in a more systematic and elaborate account. It is fortunate that Mr. Trelawney has not departed from this irregular plan in the new edition, which is substantially the old volume enlarged into two by the interpolation of additional anecdotes, expressions of opinion, and recollections of conversations. The enlargements affect the bulk rather than the character of the work. Mr. Trelawny is more outspoken about some of the members of the Pisan circle and their relatives in England than he permitted himself to be before; but in the main, as a contribution to the understanding of the two principal characters, the work remains as it was, and cannot be said to furnish any materially new light. Mr. Trelawny lived on terms of close intimacy with Shelley during the last year of his life, and with Byron during the last three years of his; and his records, as they stood in the first edition, were by far the most suggestive extant concerning the personal character of the two men. The new edition contains fresh illustrations of great interest, but naturally the outlines of the two pictures remain unaltered. There is no revelation of hitherto unsuspected traits in either character.

Mr. Trelawny has sometimes been accused of writing about Byron with a sort of resentful dislike. It must be admitted that his portrait of "the Pilgrim," his favourite designation for the poet, and apparently that by which he was familiarly known in the little group at Pisa, is not a sympathetic one; but no careful reader of Mr. Trelawny's recollections could dream of accusing him of bitterness or malicious unfairness in what he says. He evidently spoke of Byron as he saw him, considering that he had better remain silent than tamper in any way with the facts as they appeared to him, nothing extenuating, setting down nothing in malice. Still, he spoke with the warmth of a man of strong likes and dislikes. Whether it was because he found that the strength of his expressions had been misunderstood, or because, on reflection, he felt that the warmth of his dislike to certain points in Byron's character had betrayed him into injustice, Mr. Trelawny has set himself, in this new edition, to soften the asperity of some of his most disagreeable remarks about Byron. For example, he has omitted a passage in which he accused Byron of meanness in doing nothing for Mrs. Shelley when she was left destitute by her husband's death, although he had borrowed money from Shelley and never repaid it. Mr. Trelawny retains the statement that Byron contracted penurious habits towards the close of his life, and attributes it to his early hardships and the training of his mother; but he has withdrawn a charge which implied something more than niggardliness. Again, in mentioning the fact that Shelley opposed the scheme of starting the ill-fated *Liberal*, Mr. Trelawny has drawn his pen through the words in which he gave what he supposed to be Shelley's reasons for this opposition—"knowing Byron could not reason, and that his criticism degenerated into rancorous personality." Throughout the whole of Mr. Trelawny's account of Byron's expedition there runs a tone of detraction. At every turn in the narrative some mean motive is suggested; he will allow no influence to the generous sympathy with a struggle for freedom by which the deluded world believe the poet to have been animated. But we observe that one imputation has struck Mr. Trelawny's second thoughts as going too far; he no longer puts in his record that Byron was flattered into the enterprise by the Greek Committee, who "lauded him and my-lorded him to his heart's content." We are glad that Mr. Trelawny has lightened by such alterations as these some of the darker colours in his portrait of Byron. The portrait is still an unfair one. Mr. Trelawny is not intentionally unfair; he is evidently most anxious to be just; but it is clear that his dislike to Byron's "tricks and manners" was too hot to permit him to take an unprejudiced view of the better side of that very complex personality. Byron's affectation, his vanity, his ironical habits, even his dawdling ways of working, were all intensely antipathetic to Mr. Trelawny, and, though he was probably capable of comprehending the possibility of great qualities under such an exterior, they are so frequently insisted upon in his narration that a hurried reader might be pardoned for suspecting that Mr. Trelawny wrote as a malicious enemy, and not as a faithful friend. We are glad to see that he has done something to prevent this misapprehension by modifying some of his most odious suggestions and imputations.

No human creature's motives will bear the debasing analysis to which Mr. Trelawny tends to submit Byron's. He had much more sympathy with Shelley's ways, being fascinated by his carelessness about money matters, his frank, direct manners, his self-reliance and indifference to the world's applause for which Byron hungered; but let these noble qualities be reviewed in a hostile spirit, and judged by their practical results, and they will easily take as unfavourable a construction as Mr. Trelawny applies to the life of the Pilgrim. There were features in Shelley's personal character which were much more admirable in the abstract than beneficent to his immediate companions. It is impossible not to admire Shelley's entire superiority to that fear of death to which most minds are in subjection. He looked forward to death rather with longing than with terror, and risked his life so

recklessly that he might have perished twenty times before the final catastrophe in the Bay of Spezzia but for the intervention of friendly hands. But it is difficult not to think of this heroic moral courage without at the same time thinking of the tragic effect which his teaching produced on poor Harriet Westbrooke. His desire to fathom the mystery of death was, in fact, a craze, which people might admire or deplore according to their fancy, were it not that it sometimes affected other persons than the subject of it. The following adventure, which Mr. Trelawny gives in his new "Records," is unmistakably the act of a madman. The "Jane" in the story was Mrs. Williams, the wife of the friend of Shelley, who was afterwards his companion on his last disastrous sail :—

On a calm, sultry evening, Jane was sitting on the sands before the villa on the margin of the sea with her two infants and watching for her husband—he was becalmed in the offing awaiting the sea breeze. Shelley came from the house dragging the skiff: after launching her he said to Jane,

"The sand and air are hot, let us float on the cool calm sea, there is room with careful stowage for us all in my barge."

His flashing eyes and vehement eager manner determined on the instant execution of any project that took his fancy, however perilous. He overbore all opposition in those less self-willed than he was, and women are of a trusting nature and have faith in an earnest man. So Jane impulsively and promptly squatted in the bottom of the frail bark with her babies. The Poet proud of his freight triumphantly shoved off from the shore, and to exhibit his skill as a mariner rowed round a jutting promontory into deep blue water. The sea is very shallow for a considerable distance from the land in the bay, and Jane understood that Percy intended to float on the water near the shore, for the gunwale of the boat was only a hand's breadth out of the water; a puff of wind, a ripple on the water, or an incautious movement of the Poet, or herself or children, and the tub of a thing that could barely sustain the weight within it would cant over and fill and glide from under them. There was no eye watching them, no boat within a mile, the shore fast receding, the water deepening, and the Poet dreaming. As these dismal facts flashed on Jane's mind, her insane folly in trusting herself to a man of genius, but devoid of judgment, prudence, or skill, dismayed her.

After pulling out a long way, the Poet rested on his oars, unconscious of her fears and apparently of where he was, absorbed in a deep reverie, probably reviewing all he had gone through of suffering and wrong, with no present or future.

He was a brooding and silent man, feeling acutely, but never complaining—the wounds that bleed inwards are the most fatal. He took no heed of the occurrences of daily life, or men's selfish hopes or fears; his mind was so organized that it required a nice perception to know when and how to strike the chord that would excite his attention. Spellbound by terror, she kept her eyes on the awful boatman: sad and dejected, with his head leaning on his chest, his spirit seemed crushed; his hand had been for every man, and every man's hand against him. He was "the shorn lamb, but the wind was not tempered." At any other time or place Jane would have sympathized deeply with the lorn and despairing bard. She had made several remarks, but they met with no response. She saw death in his eyes. Suddenly he raised his head, his brow cleared and his face brightened as with a bright thought, and he exclaimed joyfully,

"Now let us together solve the great mystery."

Mrs. Williams kept her presence of mind, and succeeded in diverting Shelley from his project, but in such a proposal there is the clearest evidence of insanity. We must say it seems to us that Mr. Trelawny, in view of the difficulties of living in ordinary family relationships with such a man, might have modified the harsh tone of his comments upon Mrs. Shelley. There was no reason why he should adduce the fact that she was commonplace and conventional, had no portion of her husband's genius, and little sympathy with his eccentricities, as if it were a reproach to her. It was not her fault that, though the daughter of Mary Wollstonecroft, she liked society and would have been glad to see her husband conform a little to the ordinary ways of mankind. The eccentricities of men of genius are part of themselves, and may be accepted as a pleasant break to the monotony of ordinary existence; without their eccentricities, perhaps, we should not have their works to delight us and compel our homage; but it is easy to make allowances at a distance, and a biographer should not permit himself to adopt a railing tone towards those whom circumstances have brought into closer and more difficult relations.

THE TROUBADOURS.

The Troubadours. A History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages. By Francis Hueffer. Chatto and Windus.

This attractive volume deals in a very fresh and exact way with a most interesting phase of culture and of letters. The marvellous awakening of the twelfth century to spiritual life of every kind, finding its legitimate outflow in architecture and painting, poetry and romance, and its illegitimate expression, also, in the renewed pretensions of the Church, was one of the most extraordinary movements in the history of civilization, and, much as has been written about it, its workings remain extremely obscure, especially on the social and literary side. Mr. Hueffer claims for his volume the praise of being the first adequate study on so famous a subject as the Troubadours which has appeared in the English language, and we believe that we must allow that he is right. His book will be found exceedingly interesting and valuable, and when we say that it is not final, and that we must refuse to look upon it as the ideal work on Provençal literature, we say no more than he implies in his own preface. He says that the time has not come in England for a scientific and exhaustive treatment of the subject. We do not know that we are at one with him on this point, for there are portions of his own volume which could not possibly be more learned and technical than they are; and we fancy, by going a little more consecutively and thoroughly over the rest of the ground, he would have spared himself the trouble of writing another book, and yet have made this none the less readable. We do not mean to insinuate that all given us here does not bear the stamp of accurate and original research, but merely to deprecate certain conditions of popularisation which appear needless, and give an air of trifling to a very serious performance. The subject is so delicate and rare that the reader is apt to resent any analogy drawn from modern life that seems at all to remove the bloom of antique gravity.

Having so far unburdened our conscience, we bid a truce to fault-finding. It is a grateful task to review a volume where so firm a ground of scholarship is under our feet, and where there is so little need to be on the watch for instances of inaccuracy or want of knowledge. Mr. Hueffer is no novice in the study of Provençal; his critical edition of 'Guillem de Cabenstanh' proved long ago how thoroughly he was versed in the textual and philological niceties of the language; and he brings enthusiasm as well as learning to his labour. Any notice of such artificers of verse as the Troubadours were would be incomplete without very minute analysis of the principles of metrical form on which they worked, and this naturally forms a prominent section of Mr. Hueffer's volume. Not only has he discussed at considerable length the classes of verse employed in Provençal, but he has appended a series of four technical chapters on metre, in which he proves, for the first time by systematic application, the importance of Dante's great treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia.' All this latter portion of his volume will recall to many readers a learned and anonymous article on the same subject which appeared some years ago in the 'North British Review,' and which proves to have been by Mr. Hueffer and to form the nucleus of these chapters. In this connection he adds some valuable evidence with regard to the elaborate mediæval forms of verse which have been lately so much under discussion amongst ourselves, and which have been more or less successfully introduced into living literature by the English and French poets of the day. Full of the love of his subject, he is perhaps too scornful of the metrical accomplishments of the old poets of Northern France. They came much later than their Provençal kinsmen, of course, but it is scarcely correct to say that "compared with the consummate workmanship of the troubadours their efforts appear mere child's play," for the formal skill of such masters of the ballade and chant royal as Eustache Deschamps and Guillaume de Machault, though perhaps more restricted than that of the Troubadours, was no less admirable, there being a point beyond which exercise of skill ceases to give pleasure and becomes absolutely "child's play." A more just claim for the superiority of the Provençal poets is, it seems to us, their earlier existence, and the apparent fact that the whole stimulus to Northern French verse came, not from Rutebœuf or any inborn poetic tradition, but from Thibaut IV., who was a scholar at the feet of the Troubadours. Mr. Hueffer would confer a favour on his readers if he would give them the benefit of his scholarship on these questions, and still more if he could trace in any degree the source of the earlier Provençal song. Unhappily it would seem from the language he uses in discussing Guillem of Poitiers, the first troubadour, that this remains entirely obscure :—

Guillem uses exactly the same grammar, the same structure of sentences,

and even in all essential points the same poetic diction as his last successor two hundred years after him. Even the oldest Provençal poem of importance known to us, a popular version of the story of Boethius, belonging, according to Raynouard, to the tenth century, shows in most essential points the same grammatical structure as the language of the Troubadours, barring such irregularities and archaisms as are fully accounted for by the age and origin of the work. The cause of this unusual stability must be looked for in the fact already pointed out, that the Provençal was not, strictly speaking, a living language used by all and for all purposes, but the exclusive speech of an exclusive class, reserved moreover for the expression of courteous love and chivalry.

This gives a very good reason why, when once the dialect was formed, it should have remained unchanged, but it suggests no explanation of its sudden crystallisation, and propounds no theory which will account for the sudden acquirement of skill by the troubadour while his brother, the trouvère, continued to tread his humbler and more humdrum path.

The biographical division of this work will be found to possess a special fascination. The author selects from the lives of 104 troubadours which have come down to us a few of those which exemplify, in the most striking way, the social manners of the time. He commences with his own favourite, Guillem de Cabenstanh, to the fame of whose tragical end Petrarch himself has witnessed :—

Quel Guglielmo,
Che per cantar ha'l fior dei suoi di scemo!

He cut short the flower of his days, as the Italian poet says, by singing, for he courted in exquisite canzos a lady whose husband, forgetting the laws of the Gay Science, yielded to jealousy and murdered the poet. Not content with this, he roasted the heart, and while his lady was eating of it he told her what it was and asked how she liked the flavour of it. Her answer was worthy of the heroine of an Elizabethan tragedy : "It was so good and savoury that never other meat shall take from my mouth the sweetness which the heart of Guillem has left there," and thereupon she flung herself from a balcony and died. From this terrible history we pass to the fantastic and humorous biography of Peire Vidal, who fancied he was heir to the throne of Byzantium, had himself hunted as a wolf to please his lady, and in a variety of ways proved the close neighbourhood of genius and madness. Bertram de Born, the headstrong and turbulent baron, follows next, with the strange story of his influence over our Angevin kings and the wild extremes of cruelty and tenderness that alternately possessed him. In the Monk of Montandon we are introduced to a Skelton or Wolcot of the period, a priest unfrocked by episcopal consent in virtue of his singing gifts, and employing them for coarse satire, in which even his own old companions did not pass unscathed. In Folquet, Bishop of Marseilles, we see the medal reversed. He was a gay troubadour who gave up the art at the Pope's command, and from a gentle singer of amorous and pensive sirvienteses became a very scourge of humanity, the main leader in the cruel crusade against the Albigenses, and a self-torturing fanatic. We pass from this bigoted prelate to the sagest and most modern of the Troubadours, the great Peire Cardinal, who lived nearly a century, nourishing gracious images and tolerant thoughts much in the spirit of our own Sir Thomas Browne. Lastly, we are presented to the Countess Beatrice de Die, the only very distinguished poetess among the troubadours, a good and beautiful lady, who loved an ancestor of our William of Orange, but whose devotion and eloquent passion was rewarded at first by fulsome gallantry and then by entire neglect. We have only to reproach Mr. Hueffer for having told us so little about Marcobrun, whose name occurs occasionally in his volume, and always in connection with some image of especial sweetness and elevation.

The general character of the Provençal poetry is, perhaps, a little disappointing. There is great monotony in the language of its love, and there is little or no appeal to external nature. In this respect the Troubadours fall considerably behind their contemporaries in Germany. For pure lyrical spontaneity there seems nothing in Provençal that quite equals the best verses of Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach. The result of the extremely elaborate form of the Troubadours was that each stanza became an independent poem and could be separated from the context without injury to either. This may exist in very beautiful reflective poetry, but it is not quite compatible with the highest lyric afflatus. Mr. Hueffer states the truth boldly, and is far from indulging in any sentimental effusiveness about the literature of which he is the best exponent. But, in spite of all drawbacks, enough is left to make the troubadour poetry a most attractive and desirable study.

A word must be said about the translations. In some cases, when the metre is extremely elaborate, the author has not attempted to reproduce it in English, and has given a literal prose version; but, whenever it has been possible, he has translated the poems into the exact verse form of the original. How admirably he has succeeded is best seen by an example. We quote the pathetic canzo in which Beatrice de Die, abandoned by the false Rambaut of Orange, attempted in vain, for the last time, to win back his affections. There is something in the passion and feminine tenderness of this appeal that reminds us of Mrs. Browning's 'Bianca Among the Nightingales' :—

It is in vain, this silence I must break;
The fault of him I love moves me to speak.
Dearer than all the world he is to me;
But he regards not love nor courtesy,
Nor wisdom, nor my worth, nor all my beauty—
He has deceived me. Such my fate should be
If I had failed to him in loving duty.

O, strange and past belief, that in disdain
Your heart, O friend, should look upon my pain;
That now another love should conquer you,
For all that I may say, that I may do!
Have you forgotten the sweet first communion
Of our two hearts? Now surely would I rue
If by my guilt were caused this last disunion.

The noble worth, the valour you possess,
Your fame and beauty add to my distress;
For far and wide the noble ladies Hall,
If love can move them, listen to your call;
But you, my friend, whose soul is keenest-sighted,
Must know who loves you, and is true withal,
And ah! remember now the troth we plighted.

Mr. Hueffer is to be congratulated on a very important contribution to literature, and we trust he may soon be encouraged to supplement it by that other work to which his preface darkly alludes.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

John-a-Dreams. A Tale. William Blackwood and Sons.

There are several characters in this little volume that are not altogether new to us. No tale of school and college life would be complete without the youthful hero who does everything well without trying, who is cool and collected in every emergency, who has greatness in many shapes thrust upon him, wins a scholarship and a fellowship as a matter of course, and becomes a powerful contributor to the daily, the weekly, and the monthly Press. Equally familiar is the bright, merry-eyed youngster, with a wild flow of animal spirits, and the boy of somewhat slow intellect but manly instincts who attaches himself to some clever schoolfellow as an admiring and faithful friend. The outside world in "John-a-Dreams" is also composed of types that have frequently appeared before in fiction; a drowsy baronet of obstinate convictions, who goes into Parliament and identifies himself with the great question of the importation of French figs; a sentimental, dreamy old maid, with tender memories and a romantic way of looking at young people; an affectionate mother of a practical turn; another affectionate mother of a literary turn, who reads novels and keeps scientific works on her drawing room table; a warm-hearted, beautiful, sensible, English girl; a Bohemian of luxurious, lounging habits, and imperturbable self-possession, who has been in the Diplomatic service, has edited a newspaper in the West of America, managed a theatre in Constantinople, has enjoyed the acquaintance of men of wealth in every capital of Europe, is deep in financial speculation, paints, loves blue china, smokes the most exquisite cigars, and has a lovely daughter whose whole life is absorbed in an ambition to become a great prima donna. These materials are common-place enough, but it is not given to every novelist to discover or invent a new world, and "John-a-Dreams" is a bright, fresh, clever, amusing sketch. Although the author has made free use of many stock lay figures, he has taken his central figure and the bulk of his accessories direct from recent life, and though he has too much of the spirit of the caricaturist to be accepted

as a faithful historian of things as they are, his work possesses, partly in consequence of this, the advantage of rarely degenerating into dulness.

If the author had entitled his novel "A Child of this Generation," or "A Prig of the Period," he would have supplied a better advertisement of his matter as well as of the spirit in which he writes. After two years' residence at Oxford, his hero, whose apprenticeship to life constitutes the main interest of the story, discovers that he is a prig, and, though under the author's guidance, he endeavours to exorcise this evil spirit by two love-affairs, earnest study of the German language and literature, participation in the work of a Ritualistic clergyman among the poor, and a dangerous fever brought on by the tension to which he subjects heart and brain, the reader is left in some doubt whether the cure of his mental disease is altogether complete. Of that, however, each reader must judge for himself. We will not do the author the injustice of trying to analyse and summarise this his principal character, because we should thereby infallibly convey an impression that the novel is dull and didactic, whereas, in point of fact, though it touches the surface of deep problems, the author is never guilty of the treachery of trying to drag his companions beneath the surface. He does attempt now and then, with some elaboration, to describe the varying moods of his changeful hero, and to interweave with his descriptions explanatory physical and spiritual facts, after the manner of "George Eliot," but, for the most part, he writes with a light superficial pen. We shall best apprise our readers of what they may expect from "John-a-Dreams" by quoting one or two passages descriptive of the scenes and the society in which the hero found himself in his search after the true and noble life.

We will pass over Irvine Dale's life in the nursery and at school. It was after being two years at Oxford that he woke to active consciousness that he was wasting his time, and went suddenly off to Italy with an indefinite hope that he might there realise his vague aspirations after "culture." From Amalfi he wrote to his dearest friend explaining why he left Oxford and what he had found in Italy :—

> The truth is that I am sick to death of my little list of rules for purifying religion, elevating humanity, reforming the universe. When I went up to Oxford I had an awful appetite for these things. It seemed so easy to do almost everything when one once understood it all. Here were people all about ready to make us understand. It was intoxicating to acquire so much knowledge. On Monday I chanced on a law which explained all the processes of the universe. On Tuesday I came across a system to which all people might so easily conform, and become on a sudden wise and good. On Wednesday I found that my law was attacked and my system demolished. On Thursday I saw the great beauty of toleration; there was some truth on every view of a subject. "O liberty!" I cried on Friday, and glowed with a generous enthusiasm for my neighbour's right to get drunk. On Saturday I was ready to cry "Vanity" with the Preacher; and on Sunday, lo! there was vanity in the pulpit. Of course I am a very poor creature, and I am not strong enough to stand it. I feel like a lucky brute escaped out of a trap. My old formulæ hang in shreds about me. I am well out of my plans for reforming everything and everybody. I will try to reform myself, and one of my first reforms shall be ceasing to write about myself. You are so awfully good and kind, that I can't help inflicting myself upon you. When I think what a prig I have been for my first two years at Oxford, I despise myself. I hope that is the beginning of wisdom. I believe that in my heart I was glad that a bad thing was if I could say a good thing about it. There is a depth. Here, at divine Amalfi, I breathe, and am not worried to death. The sky is full of rest; men and women are unlike humanity with the H writ large; the lithe brown fishermen do not discuss my chances in the schools. I have gained one thing. If I don't believe much in other people, I have ceased to have an arrogant belief in myself. Perhaps I may make something of myself yet.

Mr. Dale, however, grew tired in due time of Amalfi and of the society of the Bohemian Sebastian Archer and his daughter, and though he sharply resented an attempt on the part of his friends to bring him back to England because they feared that the Archers were deliberately trying to ensnare him, he suddenly resolved to return to Oxford and devote himself to study. The chief stimulus to this resolution was the example of Marion Archer working hard to fit herself for operatic singing, "without ever stopping to ask if it is any use, and if life is not a delusion." Work was now to be his aim in life, but what was he to work at? With a view to finding a sphere for himself, he sought the company of remarkable men at Oxford. A friend invited him to meet "the cream of the cultured," and the author describes them as follows :—

> Friday evening came, and Dale sought his friend's dinner-party with lively curiosity. They dined in the Little Common-room—an interesting party truly. There was Manvers, the Union orator, frowning at his soup as one who scorned the indulgence of the baser appetites. There was the young poet Farwood, slim of figure, with a habit of suddenly inflating his chest and pushing back his hay-coloured hair. Always inseparable, those two young dons, Blossett of Christopher's and Jones of St. James's, were exchanging confidences about a fender. Young Cranley, with youthful eyes fixed on Kerisen, whom he reverenced as a model, was trying hard to seem as old as he really was. Finally, there was Blogg, who had read Voltaire. Heterodoxy, epigram, paradox, were child's-play to Blogg. He rejoiced in a terrible reputation for infidelity, but even this enjoyment was taken sadly. He was said to be acquainted with all creeds, and to keep them all in pigeon-holes. If he were suspected of any superstition, it was of an amiable weakness for the mysteries of Isis and the turning of tables.
>
> At dinner the talk was slow. Now and then a remark was dropped shyly, and each man seemed to lie in wait for his neighbour. Cranley was particularly cautious, looking for Kerisen's approval when he ventured to place a word, and embarrassed by his own smiles. When his model spoke—and he started all the topics with cynical indifference—the young disciple looked round proudly, felt more of a man, and leaned back with his innocent eyes half closed, as if in the privileged enjoyment of a peculiar aroma. So the dinner was eaten, and the talk was slow.

After this experience our hero resolved to study German, but tiring next of this, he resolved—he was always making resolutions—to go up to London and search there for patterns of the noble life. Again his friend Kerisen, the Admirable Crichton of the tale, lent him a helping hand and "led the young man among lions" :—

> They dined with Maxwelton, friend of dukes and reformer of society—Maxwelton the writer, who gave to every doubt an answer solemn and well-paid in the pages of an enlightened magazine—Maxwelton the talker, most cynical and paradoxical, tolerant of all things but enthusiasm. Irvine looked for a man firm on his feet and armed at all points; he found a person trying laboriously to be at his ease and made cross by failure. He heard the great preacher of the day denouncing a trembling waiter over his dinner at the club. He was nearly run over by a remarkable young poet, whose verse was full of languor, and who was dashing to the city to take advantage of a rise in Egyptians. He grew weary of lions. They were but skin-deep, after all, and their voice betrayed them. They were one more disappointment to the most disappointed of young men. It was in vain that Kerisen exerted himself. He took him to parties given at strange hours, for the sake of variety—to the exclusive circle of Mrs. Moddell Todder, exclusive of all but notoriety, and for whose sake a real Persian was induced to recite the poetry of his nation. He took him to the Hoopman Hoboys, who, husband and wife, painted together the most beautiful pictures in the world—pictures of hidden meaning but wondrous harmony of colours—pictures which might be viewed with satisfaction from any point, sweet riddles which the joint artists, one in art as in love, could not be induced to part with. Irvine heard young Mr. Kemble Francis recite his own unpublished drama, and Mrs. Tymperton perform for hours on the instrument invented by her brother. The inventor and some other persons believed that the days of the pianoforte were numbered. Irvine was jostled by critics, snubbed by painters, patronised by unsuccessful authors. And yet, in spite of the efforts of Kerisen, who was welcome everywhere, the young man was not satisfied.

Telemachus was next taken by Mentor to visit a club which was a sort of temple of art :—

> "Come into the light," said his friend, and he threw open the door of the drawing room. The sudden change made the eyes blink. The disputes about the decoration of the club had ended in a compromise. Each room was in a different style. The drawing room had been assigned to a man of original genius, who had shut himself up with a copy of 'The Arabian Nights' and the tail-feathers of the common cock. The result was gorgeous in the extreme. Everywhere was a blending of colours, burnished green, deepening to shining black—here and there a vivid touch of the scarlet of the coxcomb. Deep divans, rich stuffs, and low-swung lamps of dead gold, brought home to Western eyes an East more splendid than the real. It was a dream of Aladdin's palace made visible by art. Passing from this room, the two friends entered the passage, and looked down into the hall below. It was one step from the palace of Xerxes to the Athens which defied him. A spacious court of white marble, with exquisite slender columns, stately and simple, unfurnished save for a few classic couches. In the centre was a slight depression, a long shallow tank of the same pure marble, and in it fresh water and the gleam of goldfish. From this fair court a voice rose, reciting in an artificial tone—
>
> "And evermore with most variety
> And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
> He casts his glutton sense to satisfy."
>
> "It is Bush," whispered Kerisen.
>
> Dale looked down with languid interest. The distinguished gentleman was somewhat stumpy as seen from above. He lay on his elbow in a classic attitude, but with something less than classic grace; and the beautiful stanzas of Spenser flowed monotonously forth for the delight of a long-haired young gentleman who looked as if he had fallen against a neighbouring column. Presently the artist broke off in the middle of a line, and in a voice both harsher and huskier, called loudly, "Waiter, a brandy-and-soda."
>
> Dale glanced at Kerisen, who laughed, and hastened to explain that this poet was the son of a wholesale butcher; that in consequence he had shrunk from the world and cultivated bearishness, until he suddenly found himself famous, and was sought by the new school of artists who practised all the arts. These artists had been enchanted by his rudeness. To be met with a curse was a new sensation. "Besides," said Kerisen, "the school had been accused of effeminacy, and it gave them a comfortable feeling of manliness to have among them so liberal a swearer.

Several other attempts were made by Kerisen to satisfy the discontented young man, whose want of faculty kept him from attaching himself to anything in particular, and whose

most distinguishing feature was a capacity for despising and making pert remarks about everything that came under his observation. If the author of "John-a-Dreams" wished to present an agreeable character in the person of his hero, he has completely failed. Apparently he intends to show us how a young man, filled with the self-questioning and egotistic vices characteristic, as is so often said, of our time, may be converted to a more wholesome frame of mind, but the process is not very interesting, and we are left at the end uncertain as to its results. The story of this modern Hamlet would be quite as entertaining if the part of Hamlet were left out. 'John-a-Dreams' would still remain a series of caricatures, lively, pert, and entertaining.

DR. LEE IN GHOSTLAND.

More Glimpses of the World Unseen. Edited by the Rev. George Frederick Lee, D.C.L. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

Until for our sins this extraordinary volume fell in our way, we had always supposed that there were certain limits even to human credulity. Old women and little children will, we all know, take very much upon faith, but we certainly had supposed until now that a gentleman who has enjoyed the advantages of an Oxford education and is a member of what, with all respect for the Church, we may perhaps be allowed to call a liberal profession, would be superior to foolish old stories about demons, hobgoblins, and ghosts. Dr. Lee is, or ought to be, an educated man. We do not find his name in the Oxford class lists, it is true; but he seems to have passed through St. Edmund Hall with credit, to have carried off the Newdigate with a poem on "The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons," and in due course to have proceeded to the degree of D.C.L. He ought, consequently, to have in a rough way some slight knowledge, at least, of the ordinary laws of evidence. Coleridge, we all know, refused to believe in ghosts for the simple reason that he "had seen too many of them." Dr. Lee believes not only in ghosts but in many other strange entities equally supernatural and even more absurd, not because he has seen too many of them—for it does not appear that he himself was ever vouchsafed so much as the glimpse of a ghost—but because they have been seen in shoals by any number of persons whose intelligence and veracity he takes for granted. "I have been favoured," he tells us, "with a large number of valuable and valued communications regarding the supernatural from people and places near and far off, some of which seem to me to contain records and revelations of such inherent interest as to warrant my weaving them with some system and order into a volume."

The nature of these "valuable and valued communications" is such as to render serious criticism almost out of the question. On one page we find a story taken from Izaak Walton's 'Life of Donne'; further on comes another communicated to Dr. Lee by the late Miss Prickett, of Thane, who herself got it from the Count Harlang, who himself got it from a French priest in 1798; in another part of the volume we are asked to accept a marvellous ghost story because it has appeared in "an American work, 'Nature and the Supernatural,' by Dr. Bushnell;" again, we have a most astounding tale vouched by Mrs. G. Ravenshaw, of Malvern Link, who herself was told it by "the lady who saw the apparition." In short, Dr. Lee has made a sort of commonplace book, in which he has put together every ghost story that has come in his way. Some of his stories are, as might be expected, very wonderful. He has found, for instance, in a "manuscript in the handwriting of the seventeenth century, preserved by the representative of an old Berkshire family," an account of an extraordinary visit paid by demons to the house of a certain Mr. William Morse, of Newbury:—

"Bricks, stones, sticks, pieces of wood, were thrown about. A long staff danced up and down the chimney, and afterwards was hung upon a line and swung to and fro; an iron crook was violently hurryed about by an invisible hand; and a chair flew about the room till at last it alighted on the table. A chest was carryed about from one place to another, the doors barricaded, the keys of the family taken off the bunch and flung about with a loud noise. A little boy was the chief sufferer. He was flung about with such violence that his friends feared that his brains would be dashed out; his bed-clothes were pulled off his bed, his bed shaken. A man who tried to hold him in a chair, found chair, boy, and all, moving about. The child was thrown towards the fire, pricked on the back; pins and knives were stuck into him, which the spectators pulled out. Sometimes he barked like a dog; sometimes he clucked like a hen. Before the devil put an end to these tricks, the invisible hand put on an astonishing visibility. The apparition of a blackamoor child was seen; then a violent drumming or regular thumping on the table took place; musical sounds were heard in the air, and a voice saying, 'Revenge, revenge, sweet revenge!' On the spectators praying, the sounds stayed for awhile, but began again when they left off. Eventually, however, a voice sounded 'Alas! alas! we are overcome, we are cast out! We knock no more.' And then the excitement ceased altogether."

It would be interesting to know whether this Mr. Morse was an ancestor of the gentleman who is now a prominent "trance medium." On this point the "manuscript of the seventeenth century" lets no light. Dr. Lee, however, has stories later than this. In the year 1856 a lady, whose name he does not give us, saw in her balcony "the figures of two men dressed as mutes at a funeral, with hatbands, scarves, and cross-poles covered with black silk." Her lady's maid saw them too. The footman was more sceptical, maintaining that both mistress and maid were "dreaming." Later on in the night there was a tremendous knock at the door, and next morning, of course, Dr. Lee's informant heard that her husband had suddenly died. After this we are not surprised to hear that on the day on which Mr. George Smith, the Assyriologist, died at Aleppo Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, his personal friend, while passing the end of the Crogsland-road, in which Mr. Smith lived, "suddenly heard a most piercing cry, which thrilled him to the marrow—'Herr, Dr. Delitzsch!'" Unfortunately, we are not told whether Dr. Delitzsch mentioned the fact at the time, or whether he kept it a secret until the news reached him of Mr. Smith's death. To this minor point Dr. Lee seems to attach but little importance. Indeed, anything at all in the shape of a ghost story would seem to be quite good enough for him. One most marvellous tale is given us on the authority of "a rare and curious publication issued in 1764, without either printer's or publisher's name, but which had created immense interest at the time." On the strength of this "rare and curious publication" Dr. Lee believes that it is possible for the ghost of a convicted murderer to go about telling people how the murder was committed and what were its circumstances. We must recollect, however, that a hundred years ago people were not so sceptical as they are in these evil days, when, according to Dr. Lee, "the liberty of the Press has almost resulted in the supremacy of Satan, and is effectively preparing the way for Anti-Christ." If the ghost of William Wainwright were to-morrow to appear to a reporter of the *Daily Telegraph*, and put at his disposal two columns of copy graphically describing the murder of Harriet Lane, we doubt if the proprietors of that enterprising journal would consider the matter worth publication. Mr. Stokes, it is true, as he was standing outside Whitechapel Church, heard a divine voice whispering in his ear, "Stokes! Stokes!! Stokes!!! Murder! murder!! murder!!! Open that parcel! open that parcel!! open that parcel!!!" But then Stokes is still in the flesh—sufficiently corporeal, indeed, to take advantage of the Bankruptcy Act. And this is a distinction which Dr. Lee does not seem to recognise.

Apparitions do not always appear in pleasant form. Mrs. B——, the friend of Mrs. Ravenshaw, of Malvern Link, was annoyed while in Ceylon by a ghost of "the height of a lamp-post." "The eldest surviving member of one branch of an old yeoman family of Buckinghamshire" was one of a household living near the spot where in old days there had stood a gibbet. One night the household was alarmed by "the most frightful, shrill and horrid shrieks and noises." "Then a white face—a face most awful in its pallid aspect and miserable imploring look, was pressed from outside against the glass of the window, and stared at us wildly." Then—

My father at once opened the lattice: and there by the light of the sky, such as it was, we saw a collection of most hideous black animals, some of them like large swine, others horrid and indescribable in their appearance, grubbing up the ground and half buried in it, scattering the earth upwards where the graves were, fighting, screaming, and roaring in a way that no mere words can properly tell or set forth. Some of them, judging by their motion, seemed to have no bones in them. We were all very much terrified. My mother implored the Almighty to protect us, and I confess that, overwhelmed with fear, I prayed most heartily to God for His assistance. In a minute or two after this, with shrieks increased in intensity, the frightful creatures (whatever they were) rushed screaming down one of the roads.

In the morning there was not a sign nor sound to be seen. The ground had not been in the least degree touched, scratched up, nor disturbed. But the "Ghosts of the Gibbet," as we afterwards discovered, had been seen by others than us.

"A black pig with no bones in it" must be a very terrible wild fowl indeed, but it is clear that there are many such curious creatures about, for Dr. Lee has—

Recently learnt from John Reeves, parish clerk of Long Marston, that he and others, notably Edward Oakley and Mary Nunes of Gubblecote, have seen a spectral animal near a field called Gibraltar, and that the conviction of the reality of the apparition is firmly held by many more.

If, however, "black pigs without bones," and other such unclean and ill-favoured brutes are allowed to make night hideous, it is gratifying to know that angels also go to and fro watching over the pure of heart. In 1847, a couple of children were knocked into the river at Maidenhead by a barge-rope. Somehow or another they reached the bank. They declared that an angel had pulled them out, and it is impossible to doubt the fact, when we learn that they were corroborated by a little girl, the daughter of the bargeman, who, with her own eyes, "saw a beautiful lady on the water dragging the little children on to the road." Maidenhead, indeed, is, it would seem, a favourite resort of angels, for Dr. Lee has another story about a couple of children who lost themselves in Burnham Beeches, and were brought home along the Maidenhead road by "a beautiful lady with a lamp." There is also yet another story of a little child, "daughter of an eminent dignitary of the English Church," who would inevitably have been run over by a carriage if an angel had not pulled the horses on one side. So many unhappy little children whose fathers are not "eminent dignitaries of the English Church" are run over every year in London as to make us wish that Dr. Lee's angels would leave Maidenhead and Burnham Beeches for High Holborn and the City Road.

Seriously, it is impossible to reason with a man who will allow his name to appear on the title-page of such a volume as this. There is indeed but one fact in this precious volume at all worthy of notice. It is that Dr. Lee has never seen a ghost himself. He knows one or two people, it is true, who have seen ghosts, or think that they have seen them; while a few people who know other people who have seen ghosts can count them by the score. We ourselves have, for many years, endeavoured to come across any one, man or woman, bold enough to own to having seen a ghost, but have never yet been successful. Dr. Lee's volume for the first time explains to us the reason for our disappointment. It shows us how it is that ghost stories grow. There is, probably, hardly any one to whom, in the course of his lifetime, some strange coincidence does not occur. Late in the evening he is thinking of a friend. Next day he hears that that friend is dead. He mentions the fact as being strange. Those to whom he tells it tell it to others, and the story grows by repetition until it becomes almost, if not quite good enough for Dr. Lee's own book. It is with ghosts, indeed, as it is with the marvellous phenomena alleged to take place at spiritual *séances*. Mrs. Guppy comes through the ceiling, a heavy dining-table floats about the room, splendid bunches of hothouse grapes are placed on the table in the middle of December. All this, we are told, the spirits do, but somehow or other we can never come across any one who himself has actually seen them do it. We commend this fact to Dr. Lee's notice, for he is very uneasy at Spiritualism, believing it to be a manifestation of the devil, and apparently entertaining grave doubts whether Dr. Slade himself be not Anti-Christ. We venture, with all reverence, to suggest that when Anti-Christ comes at last, he will have other work than to tie knots in an endless string, or even to write articles for the *Quarterly Journal of Science*.

THE HISTORY OF AN INDIAN DISTRICT.

A Descriptive and Historical Account of the Godavery District, in the Presidency of Madras. By Henry Morris. London: Trübner and Co.

The kind of official literature of which Mr. Morris's work is a very creditable specimen is comparatively new even in India, and perhaps unexampled in the history of any other dependency. We refer to the district histories—the most interesting of which have appeared in Bengal and Upper India, for the simple reason that these provinces are richer in historic material than the Governments of the West and South. Each of these works is a kind of encyclopædia of ethnology, religion, and custom, history usually so called, statistics of trade, produce, population, &c., revenue and land settlement, legislation, social progress, and information on the subject of natural capabilities. Such are the sources whence the future historian of India will derive his materials; for no really great history of India has appeared as yet, though James Mill's book has sometimes been described as the most considerable piece of historical work since the days of Gibbon. In most respects Mr. Morris's compilation is as complete as could be wished; but we think that he might have dwelt more fully on the various recent measures for local government through native agency. The tobacco question has caused a good deal of discussion of late: Mr. Morris's own district is supposed to be capable of growing fine varieties of the leaf: yet he says little or nothing about the prospects of an industry for which the Godavery delta is said to be specially adapted. But perhaps the chief fault of the book is its lack of arrangement, in consequence of which there occur several instances of repetition. Ethnological passages are scattered throughout the middle of the volume, instead of being presented in a separate section, and at the beginning of the work, or as near it as possible. But in one sense this does not matter much, for ethnology is its weakest portion. There is nothing new in the fact that the Kois—the Godavery aborigines—worship the manes of their ancestors, and that each village has its deity; for this kind of cultus is world-wide. "The Kois look forward to a future state of existence;" but so do most, if not all, barbaric tribes—at least, as regards the existence, terminable or otherwise, of their ghosts. The Kois, however, entertain peculiar notions on the nature of hell, which, they say, is a place where "an iron crow" gnaws the sinner's flesh.

When Mr. Morris enters the threshhold of modern Indian history he becomes at once more detailed and more entertaining. His description of the manners and the politics of the south-eastern coast in the early part of the seventeenth century will bear many a reperusal. How utterly beyond the limits of possibility would the growth of such an Indian Empire as we see to-day have appeared to the Councillors, and the "factors," and the "writers" who competed with Frenchmen and Dutchmen, sometimes on barely equal terms, for the favour of the local "Mogul" governor! Even at that date we may detect in the characteristics of the rival nationalities a foreshadow of their respective destinies in the East. The French were certainly the most loved; but that was a sign of their fatal aptitude for orientalization. Instead of raising the natives to the European scale of civilization, they would, thinks Mr. Morris, have rather sunk towards the level of the native. At this very day, the French in Pondicherry, Chandernagore, and other remnants of "French India" are really liked by the natives, while the English rulers of the continent, on which these settlements lie like so many little sleepy hollows, are only respected. The Englishman then as now was the more reserved of the two, but still less reserved than the Dutchman, who, in spite of the simplicity of his domestic life, surpassed his rivals in the extent to which he resorted to outward pomp as a means of impressing the native mind. The following extract, taken by Mr. Morris from an old record, shows how punctilious ceremony was mingled with "a ludicrous familiarity of manners" in the official receptions at the Dutch Government House:—

"The Governor-General receives his guests sitting at the step at the door, dressed in a black waistcoat, with a stiff linen cap on; and, when they have all come, the General says: 'Friends, pull off your coats;' upon which every one takes off his coat, hat, and sword. They then sit down on chairs placed in a row on the step, every one according to his rank; and if it should happen that any does not observe this, he is told by the General, 'That is not your place, you must sit there.' Every one has then a glass of beer, and the toast is, 'A pleasant evening to you;' after that a pipe of tobacco, and then the conversation begins, but in such a manner that each speaks to his neighbour, without daring to speak so loud that the supreme commander may hear, who only converses for that evening with the person who sits next him, and who is, consequently, the highest in rank; and all that the General says aloud is, 'The ladies' health.' As soon as he has said this, every one jumps from his seat with a glass of wine which he had already in his hand, forming all together a large half-circle, and, with their heads bent forward, they call out, 'The General's lady's health;' then follow the healths of every person present, each rising and bowing when his

health is drunk. This ceremony is prolonged by the General till the clock strikes nine, when every one receives his hat, coat, and sword again, and obliging himself to drink to the General's health, who receives it with, 'Thank ye for my health.' Every one then takes his leave."*

A quaint and curious account of Dutch East Indian life in the seventeenth century, taken from the memoirs of a Dutch parson of the time, is given in pp. 198, 199. Modern Anglo-Indians may wonder how "the Hollanders" contrived to exist with such apparently sparing a use of the bath. "Some have a custom of washing their heads, nay, the whole body, with cold water, immediately after coming out of bed; others do it with lukewarm water three or four times a week." The "wiser sort" of Dutchmen made but sparing use of brandy in the morning; tea it was that had acquired "a mighty ascendant" over them, its "chief virtues being to disperse the gross vapours of the head and stomach, and consequently to exhilerate our spirits." Ice-machines, of course, there were none; though the Dutchmen had learned the native trick of cooling and even freezing water by midnight exposure in shallow vessels; but their ice, if ever it was anything better than a mere watery crust, must have been poor stuff compared to the shining, solid substance—almost worthy of Wenham—which the *bearer*, even in the hottest weather, promptly produces at the call of *burruf lao*. Nor did those lukewarm bathers, any more than their English rivals and contemporaries, ever know what it was to take a run to the hills. It would really appear as if the terrors of the Indian hot weather were in great part imaginary. Until about a dozen years ago, the dancing at the Government House balls used to be vigorously kept up even in the blazing weather of May and June; but since then, Simla, Nyne Tal, Mussorie, and Darjeeling have become the fashion, and life "in the plains," after the end of January, has almost come to be looked upon as a fate worse than death.

The great interest of Mr. Morris's book lies in the fact that the Godavery district offers perhaps the most striking example of native regeneration produced wholly by English initiative. The district owes its present high degree of prosperity to its splendid system of irrigation. The author's careful description of the condition of the delta before and after the date of Sir Arthur Cotton's great undertaking, as also the statistics which he adduces, puts this beyond doubt. The minute (pp. 114-116) in which that officer, about the year 1851, explained his irrigation scheme, will arrest the attention now even more than it must have done at the time of its composition. It will ever retain its high value among the records of the Government of India. The keen, swift style, without a redundant word, the vivid presentation of the essential facts in the question, the hard, practical character of the criticism, the enthusiasm, and the intense conviction, which characterise Sir Arthur's writing all exist, more or less fully, in the preliminary outlines of his Godavery project. Very few official proposals ever met with such ready acceptance at head-quarters as those of Sir Arthur Cotton. Everyone saw that it was a disgrace that the best-watered district in India should have suffered as severely from drought as the most arid, that the water which might have saved a hundred thousand lives was being wasted in the sea at the rate of so many thousands of cubic yards of "liquid gold" per second, and that Sir Arthur's canals, besides preventing famines, would increase the ryot's wealth and the Government revenue many fold. All this has come to pass; and the natives of Godavery have within the last twenty-five years attained to a degree of comfort and happiness unknown at any previous period of their history. Mr. Morris says that the native gratitude for this beneficent work is preserved in popular songs; but this mode of immortalizing Europeans is by no means rare in India. The tomb of Dixon—who introduced the present irrigation system into Ajmere-Mhairwarra—is venerated by the people; and Leslie, the builder of the Hooghly Bridge, whose glories are celebrated inBengali verse, is in a fair way to become a *deva!* The Godavery irrigation must not be confounded with the Godavery navigation scheme, which was abandoned in 1871, as being altogether impracticable. In this case, as in many others, Sir Arthur Cotton's enthusiasm over-mastered his reason. The idea of establishing cheap water-communication between the sea and the coal, iron, and cotton fields in the very heart of India, was enough to arouse one's highest ambition; but it seems clear, from the great engineer's own estimate, that the slowness of the return voyage would be a disadvantage which must more than counterbalance the cheapness of the route. Mr. Morris's excellent account of the Godavery canals also proves—what, indeed, has been abundantly proved during the recent discussions in Parliament—that an irrigation system which may be an unspeakable blessing for one district may be an impossibility in another. The irrigation of all India is simply a crazy vision. Nor is there any question of canals as against railways; and, should a demand for cheap and speedy access to the sea, *viâ* the Godavery valley, ever be required, the means will to a certainty be supplied in the form of a "light railway" of the Hattras type, which is about the sixth of the price of the broad guage. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Morris that the progress of the Godavery people is no less marked in the sphere of intelligence than in that of purely material improvement. In sanitary and other municipal matters, and in primary education, there is gradually arising among them a genuine public spirit. And it is noteworthy that the material improvement has come first in the order of events. Elsewhere it has been too much the custom to begin with teaching bad grammar and worse philosophy, with the result that we have converted into immoral pleaders and seditious writers many thousands of young men who might have done useful work in agriculture and trade. Godavery and British Burmah offer encouraging examples of the converse method of beginning with the materially utilitarian and leading up through it towards the ornamental.

* View of the Present State of the Dutch Settlements in the East Indies. London, 1780, p. 5.

MUSIC.

MADAME JOACHIM.

After an absence of several years that distinguished *artiste* has returned to this country, and was received at the Crystal Palace with all the honours due to an old acquaintance and a favourite. Unfortunately the season is too far advanced to allow of her appearing as frequently as might be desired, for the Popular Concerts, the most congenial sphere of a singer of Madame Joachim's peculiar gifts, came to a close on Monday week. It was at the last concert of the season, and at the Beethoven *matinée* on the previous Wednesday that Madame Joachim appeared as the interpreter of German song, in which capacity she is certain to appeal to a cultivated audience. In songs of the pathetic kind, such as Beethoven's "Mignon," she is worthy of high commendation. It is here that the rich, deep tones of her contralto voice are displayed to greatest advantage; and it is here also that her distinct and intelligent enunciation of the words produces the most marked impression. Madame Joachim's style is not capable of much variation; her manner and the *timbre* of her voice preclude the ideas of lightness and brightness; to some her mode of expression may even appear monotonous, but in the particular branch of art she has made her own there are few to equal, none to surpass her. In addition to "Mignon," she gave on Wednesday a selection of Scotch and Irish songs, arranged by Beethoven with accompaniment of pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. We some time ago noticed the total failure of Herr Brüll in the setting of one of Burns' songs, both with regard to melody and accompaniment. He evidently knows nothing of the peculiar type of Scotch music. Neither did Beethoven. But in the mere skeleton tunes supplied to him he discovered grand musical and emotional possibilities, and, if his treatment does not exactly reproduce the external peculiarities of Scottish melody, it may claim kinship with it by dint of genuine fervour. On Monday Madame Joachim sang songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. The first-named master's "An die Leyer" was full of excellent points, but Brahms' graceful Lullaby required a lighter touch than the lady had at her disposal. We are bound in conscience to add that on both occasions referred to Madame Joachim's intonation was not

quite faultless, owing, no doubt, to the influence of our eccentric climate, an influence which, by the way, has been equally felt amongst the fair warblers of Mr. Gye's establishment. The concert on Monday was, as we said before, the last of this year's Popular series. It took place, as usual, for the benefit of Mr. Arthur Chappell, and, as usual, was attended by a crowded and appreciative audience. Of the long and attractive programme we cannot speak in detail; neither can we quote the names of all the distinguished artists who had tendered their services to celebrate the occasion. A "serenade and tambourin," by Leclair, a French composer of the beginning of the 18th century, and an "Allemande Largo and Allegro" for violoncello, by his Italian contemporary, Veracini, offered a pleasant change in a programme otherwise exclusively devoted to German and to modern music. Veracini's suite was played by Signor Piatti; and in Leclair's piece Herr Joachim afforded proof —if any were needed—that he is a master of all styles and the representative violinist of the age. Mr. Chappell may look back on another—the twentieth—season of undiminished and well-deserved success.

We have to notice several interesting features of the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday. Señor Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, whose reputation is spreading rapidly, once more convinced us that the satisfactory rendering of great classical masterpieces is not amongst his achievements. Dignity and grandeur of style are wanting. He played Beethoven's concerto with a technical perfection which left nothing to be desired, but Beethoven's spirit was absent—absent especially from a brilliant cadenza, with a very objectionable "pizzicato," evidently of Señor Sarasate's own devising. To much greater advantage did the violinist appear in a new "Romance for violin and orchestra," by Herr Max Bruch, a somewhat showy and somewhat lengthy piece of music, which, however, afforded the executant an excellent opportunity for technical display. The Romance may be regarded as representative of a class of works produced in Germany by musicians of great ability and excellent training, to whom nothing but original genius is wanting to make them composers of the first order. To the same class of productions belongs the second novelty of last Saturday's concert, an overture named "In Memoriam," by Carl Reinecke, and embodying, besides an old Lutheran chorale, any amount of reminiscences from various masters, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. The chorale is treated with masterly skill, and the reminiscences do never amount to actual plagiarisms, but the whole, though interesting to the musician, can hardly be called an inspiring or in any way remarkable work. A cycle of charming folk-songs by Herr Henschel, the well-known baritone, admirably rendered by Mdlle. Redeker; and two duets, in which that lady was joined by Mdlle. Friedländer, were other attractive items of the programme. The symphony was Schumann's in B flat, and that great work, as well as Wagner's overture to Tannhäuser, were given in a manner worthy of Mr. Manns and his orchestra.

DRAMA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—SUCH IS THE LAW.

The late George Cruickshank used to boast that he abolished hanging for forgery by the force of his pencil, and that he did not despair of making us all total abstainers by the same means. The stage, with its greater completeness and vividness of representation, should be a still more powerful instrument for the exposure of what its purveyors believe to be social abuses. If Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Paul Meritt have been moved to write this play by indignation against the table of prohibited degrees, they cannot be said to have made a mistake in their choice of a medium for stimulating the legislature to reform. But we fear that in their anger they have aimed their joint blow rather wildly. They have struck, in fact, at the table as a whole, instead of singling out the particular case of relationship from which they wish to see the ban removed. They have exhibited a very flagrant hardship on the point of arising from the operation of the law in an instance where a man has married a deceased wife's sister, but they have surrounded the marriage with such circumstances that their play would be an equally moving protest against the iniquity of forbidding a man to marry his aunt, his sister, or his grandmother. Events are so arranged that Mr. Belfoy, the hero of the piece, is not aware that the lady whom we see him marry is the sister of his deceased wife. Further, it turns out, after all, that the first Mrs. Belfoy was not legally his wife, she having a husband with a prior claim, so that the second Mrs. Belfoy was really not his deceased wife's sister. But if she had been, the dramatists seem to ask, would it not have been a monstrous hardship that her child should not be legitimate, and that she, in the eye of the law, should be no better than a mistress? It undoubtedly would have been a hardship, and the case would have been still more distressing if, by accidents such as are often very near happening on the stage, Mr. Belfoy had married his own sister without knowing it and had subsequently discovered that she was not his sister after all; but the law would not have been to blame.

This is the obvious defect in "Such is the Law," viewed as a help towards legislative change. It wants point. Viewed simply as a play, without regard to any vexed question, it contains some striking situations and some clever dialogue, but it is open to the objection that too much of it is taken up with explaining how the mistake which forms the centre of the play came to be possible. The circumstances are so intricate that it takes the dramatists a long time to set their puppets in motion. The first act and half of the second are almost wholly explanatory and preparatory. It may be laid down as a rule that a play must be more or less dull in which the characters are not revealed to the audience by what they do but by what we are told they have done. We must see them in action in order to take much interest in them; a set of people on the stage talking about each other for our information, however brisk their dialogue, are always more or less dull company. Almost no relations are too complicated for representation on the stage, but the complication must take place on the stage before our eyes, otherwise it requires a severe intellectual effort to follow it, such as we are not prepared to make unless the *dramatis personæ* do something to rouse our interest. In "Such is the Law" none of the characters take any hold of us during the first act; there are no dramatic situations to rouse us. Two pairs of lovers are seen making love in the Robertsonian manner, there is a refusal and an acceptance, and we are given to understand that a brilliant, fascinating gambling officer, Captain Saxby, the villain of the piece, has influenced or is destined to influence the subsequent relations of both pairs. But nothing is done to excite any keen desire to see the curtain rise upon the second act. We first begin to be interested towards the close of the second act when, the situation being clearly explained up to that point, Captain Saxby, bringing news of the death of Mr. Belfoy, is goaded by Mrs. Belfoy's recriminations into telling her that she is not her husband's first wife, that his former wife was her sister, and consequently that she is not his wife at all. If this point could have been reached by the end of the first act, the play as a whole might have commanded attention. When so much clearing of the ground is necessary before getting at the action of a play, it might be worth considering whether it would not be well to write out the necessary explanations and distribute them in printed slips through the theatre to be studied while the orchestra is playing the overture.

VARIORUM NOTES.

On Thursday evening last all London was alarmed. The vendors of the so-called "special edition" of a well-known evening paper were shouting, at the top of their voices, "Here you are! Here—You—Are! Resignation o' Lord Sorlsbr'y! Rez—Zig—Na'shn—O'—Lord Sorl'sbr'y." Here was news indeed, and the "special edition" containing it went off—to use a common phrase—"like wildfire." The purchasers, however, who invested

their penny, or, as the case may have been, their twopence or threepence (for the paper was soon at an enormous premium), discovered, after hunting up and down its columns, that what Lord Salisbury had resigned was not—as they had supposed—his seat in the Cabinet, but simply his chairmanship of the Middlesex Sessions. It is idle, of course, to prosecute a newspaper boy for obtaining a penny by false pretences. One might as well prefer an indictment against a blue bottle, or make proclamation of outlawry against a mosquito. At the same it is to be regretted that a respectable paper should to a certain extent give indirect aid to these discreditable tricks of street trade, by printing in its bills of contents "Resignation of Lord Salisbury" in letters of the very largest size, and placing immediately above, but in type too small to be practically visible, "Middlesex Sessions." The itinerant vendors of papers always carry a bill of contents, to which they appeal in support of the truth of their cries. A paper of position owes it to itself, no less than to the public, to make out its bills in such a shape that they cannot possibly mislead.

It is a very common belief among a considerable number of Mr. Gladstone's countrymen that the right honourable gentleman is mad, and most of us have heard with awe and sadness the story of the lunatic asylum doctor, who, travelling with him by chance in the same compartment of a railway carriage, eagerly asked when he left it who he was, and without waiting for a reply exclaimed: "That man has the head of a madman!" There is nothing so sweet or so rare as charity, and it is a remarkable fact that precisely the same kind allowance was made for Mr. Fox's eccentricities when he espoused the unpopular side at the time of the French Revolution. We came across the other day, in Brougham's "Life of Wilberforce," the following curious passage, in a letter written from Cambridge early in the year 1793:—"There is scarce one of his (Fox's) old friends here at Cambridge who is not disposed to give him up, and, most say, he is mad. I think of him much as I always did; I still doubt whether he has bad principles, but I think it pretty plain he has none; and I suppose he is ready for whatever turns up." If Mr. Fox's kind friends were alive now, they would probably find it possible to retain their liking for him, without sacrificing their belief in his sanity; and perhaps a hundred years after this the hypothesis of something being wrong with Mr. Gladstone's "bumps" will be equally unnecessary.

The following passage from 'Russell's Life of Fox' also admits of an application to the present time. The historian is giving an account of one of Burke's speeches, which was interrupted by frequent calls to order. "Mr. Burke," he says, "was so much irritated by these vexatious interruptions from inferior men, that he exclaimed with the grief, and somewhat, perhaps, of the insanity of Lear:—

> The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, may bark at me."

We do not think that Mr. Gladstone has, as yet, given another proof of his insanity by quoting these lines, but he might with justice make the same complaint that Burke did upon this occasion, namely, that "it was unfortunate for him to be hunted sometimes by one party, sometimes by another."

It was ungracious of the Rev. Mr. Tucker to twit Lord Beaconsfield, in the height of his popularity, with making the sun set in the East in one of his early novels. It seems that it is the moon and not the sun that in 'Tancred' is made to "linger on the summit of Mount Olivet" before disappearing on the eastern side. But Lord Beaconsfield has long been ostentatiously indifferent to such details. If such a trifle is to be remembered, it should rather be as an occasion for congratulating him upon having again allowed the Crescent to set in the East, and for expressing a hope that he will refrain from attempting to undo the good action.

"Diplomacy" has been produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and bids fair to rival its success at the Prince of Wales'. A New York critic objects strongly to the frequent introduction of French phrases into the play, and observes that people when strongly moved "cry out or curse in their own language, and use foreign phrases, if at all, in their lighter moments." There is some truth in this. For our part we never could see why Orloff, on being challenged, replies, "Je suis à vos ordres, Monsieur." If Orloff is supposed to be conversing with the two Beauclercs in French, the introduction of veritable French is unnecessary; if they are speaking English, unlikely.

The question as to who is the fairest of the fair, which has at all times disturbed humanity since the days of Paris, is going to be answered for the present generation by a committee in Brunswick composed of twenty connoisseurs from different German towns. When the time for competition is announced in the newspapers, ladies who intend to compete have only to send their photographs to the self-established Committee of Taste in Brunswick. The committee propose a prize of 1,000 marks for the fairest, according to their decision, 300 marks for the second, and 200 marks for the third fairest. The rate of proportion between the fairest lady and the two whose beauty places them immediately after her cannot be said to be fairly established.

A very simple method of postal-delivery is said to prevail in a Spanish provincial town. Those who expect letters come to the post-office and form a *queue*. The postmaster then hands all the letters he has received, in a basket, to the first comer, who looks through them leisurely, takes his own, if any, and passes the basket to the person immediately behind him, and this goes on till the basket is emptied or the *queue* exhausted.

Linley Sambourne's design for the private view card for Millais' "Bride of Lammermoor" is decidedly effective, and, if its quaintly-introduced emblems compel those people who are not very sure of the story to turn to their "Scott" for explanation, so much the better for them. The sable feather, which was all that the Kelpie's blow left of the Master of Ravenswood, plays a prominent part in the design.

At the sale of a collection of pictures of a Californian art amateur, a few weeks back, Gerome's "Un Circassien à l'abreuvoir," sold for 5,500 dollars, and has been sent to the Paris Exhibition, while Lefebre's "Le Cigale" sold for 2,950 dollars.

M. Henri Gervex's picture from Alfred de Musset's "Rolla," which has been rejected by the *Salon*, is making almost as much talk in Paris as did the famous "Femme au Perroquette" picture some years ago, and for precisely the same reasons.

Raphael's "Vierge aux Candelabres," which is to be sold at Christie's on the 1st of June, is on exhibition now in Paris at Sinpil's for the next ten days.

The telephone has been brought into use in Victoria for the Houses of Parliament.

The phylloxera has made its appearance in the Geelong district in Victoria, but every effort is being made against it.

Dr. George M. Beard, of New York, is prosecuting an inquiry into "writer's cramp," and has prepared a circular with blanks which he will send to those disposed to furnish him with information on the subject.

On Sunday morning, April 28th, the Rev. H. R. Haweis will deliver, by request, a sermon on Shakespeare and the Stage, at St. James's, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 22nd, a dramatic performance will be given at the Gaiety, in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, now approaching completion. Mr. Hollingshead gives the theatre, and some of the best artists volunteer. Among them are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Neilson, Miss Geneviève Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. H. B. Conway, Mr. Forbes Robertson, &c.

Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' is out of print again. The first edition, of which a copy, designed and illuminated by Mr. William Morris is in existence, has long been unprocurable, yet at one time it could be picked up at bookstalls for a few pence.

The 'Petite Bibliothèque Artistique' of the Maison Jonaust has been increased by a new edition of the *Romans* of Voltaire, with a preface by Arsene Houssaye.

The librairie Dentu publish under the title of 'Histories des uns et des autres,' an interesting work by Elie Berthet, composed of the author's personal recollections and anecdotes upon the men and the events of the time.

The *Catholic Gazette* is the name of a new London weekly Catholic paper, which, unlike the *Tablet* and the *Weekly Register*, is liberal in politics.

A new translation into English of Tegner's 'Frittijof's Saga' has been published in Boston, U.S.A. Its author, Mr. L. A. Sherman, has been careful to reproduce the metre of the original, the feminine rhymes, and alliteration. The translation, which is illustrated with Maelmström's sketches, completes, we believe, the first sound translation into the English language of this celebrated poem.

Yet a new monthly. The *West End* is to appear on the first of May with an article by Dr. Birch, the well-known Egyptologist, on Cleopatra's Needle, and one by H. Sutherland Edwards on the Papal Swiss Guards. On the list of the staff are the names of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Mr. E. D. Butler, of Hungarian celebrity, Mr. Theophile Marzials, and several others.

A second edition of Mr. Parker Gillmore's new work, 'The Great Thirst Land,' is now in the press, and will be ready in a few days.

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1 Fish Knife	0	11	0	0	13	0	0	15	6	0	16	6
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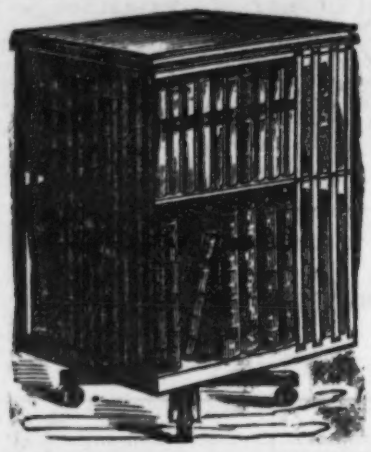

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